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Vivien Leigh

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Shadow on The Heart

By WIN BROOKS

As he approached the point he could tell that the girl was there again. He couldn't actually see her because of a fold in the sand dune, but he knew she was there where she had been before.

He could see the dog mounting guard in the same place on a grassy hump of the dune. The dog saw him at once, and rose and stretched, yawning, and faced in his direction.

Presently he could see her, and he watched her out of the corner of his eye, making believe he was unaware of her. Then, as if making an impulsive decision, he walked towards her through the soft sand. The moment he turned in her direction the dog growled.

She said, "Steady, Tim," and the dog dropped and was silent. She smiled and called, "Hello!"

"Hello!" he said. "Isn't it nice on the beach to-day?"

"Yes," she said, "it's beautiful."

Her face was small-boned and delicate. Her nose had a slight impish tilt which gave her a delightful expression of mischief, her hair was almost the color of the dry yellow sand. She was just as beautiful as he'd expected.

He said, "This is a long beach, and the only two people on it should certainly be on speaking terms."

She laughed. "I'm glad you stopped," she said. She sat with her back against a depression in the sand hollowed out by the wind.

He said, "I waved to you yesterday, but you wouldn't wave back. I made up my mind I'd speak to you if you were here to-day."

"I'm glad you did," she said again. "I'm based on Plymouth," he said. "My destroyer's just come in for a refit."

"My father was in the Navy," she said. "He was stationed in the dockyard here for a good many years before he died. I live just up behind here."

As she spoke she lifted her small hand against her cheek and he saw the ring. It was a diamond ring, and he knew she had meant him to take notice and warning.

She said, "I used to come here and sit for hours when I was a little girl."

"You're only a little girl now," he said. He put out a hand to measure the height of her head. The dog above them growled.

"Oh," she said, "I forgot to introduce you to Tim. Tim," she called, "come here!" Tim rose quickly and half slid down the hummock of sand and approached.

"I'm Stella Denton," the girl said. "I'm Harris," he said. "John Harris."

"Tim, this is Mr. Harris." Tim sniffed his hand with suspicion, then with reassurance. He climbed back to his watching place.

A little distance down the beach two gulls argued the ownership of a mussel. John Harris glanced went to them, then automatically returned across the water, and he saw the head bob up outside the first break of surf over the hollow within the arm of the point.

"Look," he said, "there's a seal. See him?"

"No," she said, "but there always used to be one about here."

The seal bobbed and stretched its neck and appeared to be staring at them. Johnny knelt beside the girl, and pointed over her shoulder.

"There," he said, "just there, two or three hundred yards out."

"I can't see him," she said. "Oh, you!" He was shaken by her nearness. There . . . there he dives."

They both laughed, and he took his arm away reluctantly. He said: "I saw him yesterday, too. He must have a nest near here."

"A nest!" she said. "Seals don't have nests. Their homes are where they hang their hats."

"Hats!" he said. "Now who's being silly?"

She said, "We're both silly, but it's nice being silly."

He didn't want to leave. He felt he never wanted to leave her. He thought, I won't ever leave her . . . ever. I can't. But then he said:

"I've got to get along. I'm officer of the watch this evening. Will you be here to-morrow?"

"Perhaps," she said.

He said, "I'm off duty to-morrow. We could sit here together or go into town to the pictures."

She said, "Perhaps I'll be here." "You'd better be," he said, and they both laughed.

He turned to look back at her before he rounded the rocks that would cut off the view to the point. He raised his arm casually. She didn't wave.

Over dinner in the wardroom that evening he told the others. "That girl I told you about was there again to-day, and I spoke to her."

Carson, the Number One, said, "Watch yourself with these girls. I don't want any trouble on this ship."

"There wouldn't be any trouble," he said. "She's the nicest girl I've ever met."

Tucker, the Stores-Officer, asked, "Who's this girl? I know all the girls within a ten-mile radius."

He said, "Her name is Stella Denton."

Carson put down his knife and fork and looked closely at him.

"I know her," he said. Carson had been based on Plymouth since before the war.

"Isn't she a nice girl, then?" Johnny put the question like a challenge.

Number One said slowly, "Yes, she's certainly a nice girl." But his glance was quizzical, and suddenly he rose and left the table.

That night John lay awake in his bunk thinking about the girl, her yellow hair, her friendliness, and her cool, sure voice.

Something in his subconscious mind disturbed him. It might be Carson's puzzling attitude when he had mentioned her name. He would ask Carson in the morning. He thought about her being close to him when he was pointing out the seal. She



John was silent as he watched her turn suddenly and go off up the path with Tim.

hadn't seen the seal. He started to doze off, thinking about her being close to him, but he came wide awake again because he heard her voice.

No, she said, I can't see him. He saw the dog on the sand above. He saw the short leash across the girl's knees. She hadn't waved. He lay still in a sudden cold sweat. Then he felt Carson's hand on his shoulder and heard Carson whisper: "You still awake? Come down to my cabin a minute."

He went down to Carson's cabin. Carson took one look at him and said: "Been trying to work it out for yourself, I expect?"

"Yes," he said. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Carson said, "I couldn't. You looked like a love-sick puppy. I thought you'd better find it out yourself. Then I thought perhaps I'd better tell you."

He said, "It doesn't make any difference — not a bit of difference. She's lovely." Then he knew that it really didn't make any difference. "She's lovely," he repeated.

Carson said, "Yes, she's lovely. Go along now and get some sleep."

"Would you like to walk along the beach or just sit here?" he asked.

"Both," she said, smiling up at him. "But what about that invitation to the pictures?"

He sat beside her and looked out across the sea.

He said, "You know, yesterday I never guessed. I didn't guess until last night, in the middle of the night. I was lying awake thinking about you, thinking of every little thing about you. Then it came to me why you hadn't waved."

"I could tell you didn't know," she said. "It was unfair not to tell you, but there was something in your voice I hadn't heard for a long time, and I didn't want to destroy it. You understand?"

"Yes," he said, "but it's still in my voice, isn't it?"

She said in grave wonder, "Yes. Yes, it is."

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Alluring Christine Norden, new British screen discovery, wears an exquisite period gown by Cecil Beaton for her part in the London Film Production "An Ideal Husband". For her personal wardrobe she finds ideal shoes by Clarks (wedded to each new fashion since 1825).

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JOHN'S voice was

quiet and steady as he said, "It doesn't make any difference to me. Can you believe that?"

"No," she said, simply enough and without bitterness. "You might believe it now, but it does."

He touched the ring on her left hand. He said, "I want you to tell me about this. Carson told me something about the other, but I wish you'd tell me, and all about this, too."

"There isn't very much to tell about either," she said. "He is someone I've known a long while. He's a doctor. He was a medical student when I was training as a nurse, and we became engaged then. The other thing happened in an air raid during the war. We were getting out some wounded, and I was working with the ambulance."

"Some planes came over and dropped one close. There was a bomb splinter. They removed it, but some pressure developed on the optic nerve, and this is the result. It's nothing more or less than happened to hundreds of men who actually did something."

He put his hand over hers. He said, "Can't you feel that it doesn't make any difference to me?"

She said, "We can't talk like that. You see, I'm going up to London in a fortnight's time—to hospital. They're going to try a new operation. There's a fair chance that it will work out, and if it does I'll marry him."

"And if it doesn't," he said, "you'll marry me. I'll make you. Why doesn't he ask you to marry him now?"

"He offered to do that," she said.

"Offered! If I were he, I wouldn't offer. I'd make you. I'd make you marry me now if you'd ever seen me, but for all you know I might have a great big wart on the end of my nose and ears that droop like a donkey's. Then, if everything worked out for you, you'd be awfully disappointed."

She said, "We're talking nonsense again."

"It's not nonsense," he said. "Can't you understand you're just as lovely? This is the only way I've ever known you."

"That's a nice thing to say, and it makes me feel wonderful," she said. "But I know a thing like that wouldn't work."

"You're afraid of the wart," he said.

She lifted her hand and found his nose and ears. The touch of her small fingers stirred him. "No wart," she said, "and though your ears are a little large, they don't droop."

He said, "You can call me Big Ears."

"Your face feels just as I thought it would. Let me touch it again." The tips of her fingers ran down his cheeks and round his wide mouth and the long line of his jaw. She said, "For a while yesterday, when you didn't know—and I knew you didn't know—I felt something I can never capture again."

"It's just because you fear pity," he said. "There's no pity in what I feel. I don't pity you. I hope," he blurted, "I hope the operation doesn't work."

Then he saw she was crying, and the realisation of what he had said smashed at him, left him trembling.

"I don't mean that!" he cried. "You know why I said it. But it was a terrible thing to say!"

She said, "It was the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me, because I understand why you said it."

"But I'm not as selfish as that," he said. "I'll pray every day that it works. But if it doesn't work, I'll make you marry me."

She brushed at her eyes with the back of her hand. She said, "Now we're talking nonsense again. Tell me if the seal is there to-day."

"I can't see him." He scanned the ruffle outside the smooth lift of the surf. "He's not there."

"Perhaps he's back on his nest," she laughed. "Or perhaps he's hanging his hat somewhere else. Tell me what you do see."

"I'll be her eyes, he thought. The thought filled him with a sense of pride. He said, "The sea is that pale blue it has only when the tide is gentle and the sky is cloudless—at least, almost cloudless."

Shadow on the Heart

Continued from page 3

There are a few clouds piled up right down on the horizon."

"Tell me what they look like," she said.

"Well," he considered, "you know that pink cottony stuff they used to sell in cones at the fairs—spun sugar, I think it is. They look like pink spun sugar seen through cigarette smoke."

She smiled and said, "That's how they always looked to me. Like spun sugar. The cigarette smoke is something perfect added. Tell me some more."

"West of us, there's the breakwater. You remember how high it stands at low tide. Away beyond it you can just make out the tower of the Eddystone. Offshore, at the end of the beach, there's a flock of herring gulls splashing into the sea. Probably they're after mullet."

"Yes," she said, "I can hear them." He listened, but could not hear them.

"The tide is just on the turn," he said. "There's a ballet group of some shore birds—sandpipers or tern."

"I always thought of them as ballet dancers," she said. "You frighten me a little. You see so much in the way that I remember, it's as if you could see right into my mind."

"I do," he said. He put his big hand over her small one. "Now do I frighten you?"

"No," she said. But he could feel the ring.

"A little to the left of us," he said quickly, "the water is deeper blue. But no seal." He cupped his hands about his mouth and shouted, "Hi, seal! Hi, seal!"

"My way of joking is to tell the truth. It's the funniest joke in the world."

G. B. Shaw, "John Bull's Other Island."

She gave a start, and laughed and said, "Tell me next time you're going to shout."

"I'm sorry; I forgot," he said. "Anyway, no seal to-day."

Then he saw the seal. It came bobbing up as if in answer to his summons. It stared at them.

He said, awed, "The seal's there. He bobbed up when I called him. It sounds mad, but he really did. He's looking at us."

"Is he wearing his hat?" she asked.

"Seals don't wear hats," he said. "Don't be foolish." They both laughed.

He said, "There's something else I see from here that I bet you've never seen."

"I'll take the bet," she said. "I bet a million million pounds. What is it?"

He said, "When I was at school we had to do some stuff by Shelley. It never impressed me very much, but there was one line I always remembered. I think it was from 'The Revolt of Islam.'"

"What was it?"

"There was a Woman beautiful as morning."

She said, after a little silence, "I can't pay the million million pounds. Where is she? Is she away southward?"

"Just south of my elbow," he said.

She felt for her sandals and kicked her feet into them. "Let's walk along the beach and not be silly any more." She felt for Tim and put him on his lead.

On that last day before she went away there were so many things he wanted to tell her that he found it difficult to say anything at all.

They walked down to the old wreck. Tim between them, and they sat on the grey, smoothed timbers facing the sea she loved. It had been raining but she didn't seem to mind.

"Tell me what you're thinking," he said.

"I'm thinking this: that it would have been all I ever hoped, to have known you—well, before all this happened. I can sense that. And

I'm thinking of what you've meant to me in the way of courage and confidence these past two weeks. I was feeling pretty low before you spoke to me that day."

He said, "Do you know what I know? That it's going to be all right; it's going to work out all right. You'll never again need anyone to tell you the seal is there, or about the clouds or the sandpipers."

He wanted fiercely to say, "But if you do, I'll be here." He would not say it. He could not say anything now to admit the existence of that possibility.

They had only a little time, and soon they walked back to the dune beyond which her house lay.

"I'll walk home with you," he said.

"No," she said, "thank you. I don't like that. You understand?"

She held out her wet, small hand and he took it. Then she turned suddenly, and, with Tim close in front of her, went surely up the path. He watched her go, and wanted to cry out after her. He wanted to call out, "God go with you." He stood in silence, and when she passed behind the dip of the dune, he still felt the light pressure of her fingers on his hand.

This day, at the end of another month, he knew she was there—he knew she was back. He could see Tim on the knoll of the dune, and Tim's presence was the answer to everything.

He thought of all those days and all those weeks and all those prayers.

Seeing Tim, he remembered that day when first he made up his mind to speak to her. He had wanted to run to her that day. This day he did run. When he came within sight of her he started to wave. Then he knew, though her head was turned towards him, he should not. He checked the gesture.

He said, "Hello! It's wonderful that you're back! You look so well."

"Hello!" she said. "It's wonderful to be home again."

He flung himself beside her and kissed her cheek. He wanted to say, "We'll be married quite soon. We'll be married next week. You know it will never make any difference."

He couldn't say anything. He put his hand over hers. Then he knew that the ring wasn't there.

She said, "I wanted to tell you that. It's important that I tell you. I went to him before I went to hospital. I told him. This was before, you understand?"

"What did you tell him?" he asked.

"I told him it didn't make any difference what happened at the hospital. I told him about you."

"What about me?" he demanded. "Just about you," she said. "I think he was rather glad. He tried not to show it. When you can't see, the ear brings you a certain sight."

"Yes," he said. "I knew that if he loved you as much as I do, he'd have made you marry him. Just as I'm going to make you marry me now."

She said, "If we're going to talk nonsense, let's talk about the seal. Have you seen him?"

He said, "I haven't been watching much, but I haven't seen him. I haven't noticed him. I'll describe every whisker for you the next time he shows up."

She laughed again. She said, "I expect he's hung his hat somewhere else."

He put his lips against her small ear and whispered, "Seals don't wear hats." He took her hand from Tim's short leash and held it in his own.

He said, "All the world lies within the palm of this hand."

She drew a long, deep breath. Then suddenly she cried, "Look! Look, there's the seal!"

"Where?" It was an automatic response.

"There!" she said, pointing. "There's his head poked up beyond the surf outside the hollow. Can't you see him?"

He felt her small arm over his shoulder. He sighted along it with a slow and wondrous comprehension. He saw the seal where she pointed.

"Yes," he said. "Yes! Yes! I see him! I see him, too!"

(Copyright)

HIS first visit to New York is proving disastrous for shy, unassuming MARTIN VINCENT, history teacher at Porthaven School for Boys.

He has been sent to New York by DR. FISHER, the headmaster, nominally to deliver an address to the Historical Verification Association, but actually to induce BARTON DUFF, its President, to give Porthaven a generous endowment.

By a chain of extraordinary circumstances, however, he becomes involved in an attempt to frame divorce evidence against film producer BARNEY DRISCOLL, in the course of which a photograph is taken of Barton Duff and glamorous MADELINE PETIT.

Duff, furiously angry, thinks that Martin is plotting with Driscoll to blackmail him, and refuses to have anything more to do with him.

Next day, learning that Dr. Fisher is coming to New York to watch his progress, Martin goes to Duff's home to plead with him, but although he finds an unexpected ally in MARY EDMONDS, Duff's secretary, Duff storms away from him. Now read on—

BARTON DUFF'S violent exit left Martin speechless, and Mary's eyes on him were unusually soft. "I told you it was no use talking to him," she said. "But—but it's ridiculous," Martin



I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN MYSELF

"It seems I did everything wrong," Martin said gloomily. "Not that it will surprise anyone."

managed to stammer. "Does he really think that Barney Driscoll and the motion picture industry are plotting to discredit him?"

"The movies have done crazier things," she said, and smiled. "And Mr. Duff sees a lot of movies. And see here, if this alleged private detective was shadowing Mr. Driscoll, why did he take a photograph of Barton Duff? Do they look alike, too?"

"No," Martin said gloomily.

"So," said Mary Edmonds, "the picture was taken, and whether Barney Driscoll has it or not, it's dynamite so far as Mr. Duff is concerned. Several newspapers would be delighted to print it. As you know, Mr. Duff never allows his photograph to be taken. Not since he lost his hair. Once we caught a cameraman on the roof next door, waiting to get a shot of Mr. Duff in his shorts, jumping rope."

"Jumping rope?" Martin said. She flushed. "For exercise, of course. That time the butler broke the man's camera."

"Whatever the facts may be," Martin said, "I suppose I'll never get anywhere with Barton Duff, will I?"

"What do you think, Mr. Vincent?"

"Or with you," Martin said.

She had started down the stairs, but quickly turned. "What do you mean by that?" Her tone was chilly.

"I mean I'll never get you on my side. You're still against me, aren't you?"

"I never take sides, Mr. Vincent," she said quietly, and moved on down the stairs.

Martin followed, but at the foot of the stairs she turned towards her office without a backward glance, saying, "You can let yourself out, can't you?" He watched the door close behind her, then went on out to the sunlight of Fifth Avenue.

He crossed at the corner and dropped on to a bench set against the stone wall enclosing Central Park. He reached for his pipe, and sighed as he remembered once more that he had left it at Porthaven. He took out a cigarette and lighted it.

As he put out the match he noticed the book of matches in his hand contained an advertisement for the

Club Pigalle—no cover charge, two shows nightly. The thing for him to do, he thought, was to take in a night-club that evening, do the town.

After all, it would be his last chance for some time. He was practically out of a job.

He thought of Dr. James G. Fisher waiting at the Hotel Westbrock for news of his interview with Barton Duff, and decided that he was in no hurry to return to the hotel.

Dr. Fisher could wait. He would put off the reckoning as long as possible, but eventually he would have to tell the whole story and admit that he had withheld pertinent facts from the headmaster. He was pretty sure how Dr. Fisher would react.

Martin threw his cigarette to the ground and stamped on it. He had been doing his work, minding his business. It was unfair to send him on this mission. It was unfair to blame him for his failure, but he was sure that he would be blamed.

Dr. Fisher would have sound grounds for dismissing him, and even if he were lucky enough to find another post he would not find it easy to obtain a recommendation from the headmaster. He'd have to let his book on education go for the time being. He'd have to find some sort of job.

A low voice said, "What are you going to accomplish sitting on a park bench, Mr. Vincent?"

He looked up into Mary Edmonds' mocking blue eyes. He got to his feet. "What is there to accomplish?" "You don't mean you've given up?" Her eyes shone. "Is this the true Porthaven spirit?"

Martin shrugged. "You said yourself it was hopeless."

"Still, aren't you giving up rather easily?" There was color in her cheeks, and the enigmatic smile was there again, compressed at the corners of her lips, as if suppressing impish laughter.

Martin frowned and said, "You seem to get a lot of fun out of needing me. What could I possibly do?"

"I'd say get that photograph. That's what Mr. Duff wants."

"I haven't the least idea where it is or how to get it," Martin said.

"And even if I did, I haven't time."

"Why haven't you time? You don't seem to be doing anything but taking it easy on a park bench."

Martin felt a prickle of irritation. She was still smiling, and he did not like that smile.

They were standing close together, meeting each other's eyes, and his impulse was to catch her by the shoulders and shake her—to grab her and kiss that irritating smile off her face. The impulse disturbed him, and he sat down again on the bench.

She put one hand contritely on his arm.

"You know, I came out here because you looked so downcast, all alone on the bench. But don't you think it's all pretty funny? You came here to make a big impression

By **EDWIN LANHAM**

on Mr. Duff, all slicked up and your hair parted on the side, and you actually did make an impression, then you tangled yourself in the most terrible mess. Don't you see the funny side of it?"

"No," he said. "I'll tell you why. Dr. Fisher is in town. He's waiting now in my hotel room for news from me. The reason I haven't time is that Dr. Fisher will find out the whole story before I could possibly get that photograph, and that will be the finish of me."

"He doesn't know?"

"No," Martin said. "He doesn't know."

"But won't he understand, if you explain it all to him?"

"He wouldn't try to understand," Martin said. "To tell you the truth, Miss Edmonds, he's looking for an excuse to get rid of me. He's not satisfied with my work as it is."

"Aren't you a good teacher?"

Martin shrugged. "I think I'm a good teacher, but Dr. Fisher thinks I'm too lax. He believes in discipline, and he'll blame the whole situation on what he calls my laxness."

"I wonder," Mary Edmonds said softly, looking down at Martin. "Is he jealous of you?"

"Jealous? Why should he be?"

"I'll bet you're a good teacher,"

Mary said. "You're so serious, and

I gather from our conversation yesterday, you're a little bit of an idealist. And I'll bet the kids like you, too."

"Yes, I get on with the kids, all right."

"I bet he's jealous, all right," Mary said. "From the way Mr. Duff speaks of him, he's the kind of man you wouldn't like an ambitious young teacher under him writing a book."

"He's strict, at least," Martin said. "My contract won't be renewed after this. I'm sure of that."

"You know what I do when I feel the way you look? I take a walk in the park and watch the kids sail their boats."

"What can I accomplish," Martin said shortly, "taking a walk in the park?"

"Come on. It will do you good."

He got up and walked with her towards the park entrance a block away. His hands were deep in the pockets of his coat, and he moved slowly, kicking at a stone on the walk. From time to time she glanced at his face, and at last she said, "Is your job so important to you?"

"It's not just my job."

"Oh, I see. It's your book."

"It's not just the book, either."

"Then my goodness, what is it?"

"Well, I'm interested in education," Martin said. "That's my career. I like it. But this mess is going to make it hard for me. I'll never get a decent recommendation from Dr. Fisher. This story will spread, and Dr. Fisher will give it a little extra push."

He kicked at another stone. "It will spread how this quiet, young teacher in a boys' school went to New York and was caught with an undressed French girl in his room. It will just about finish me in education."

They were on a gently curving walk, above the boat pond. Her fingers gently pressed his arm and she said, "Then why don't you do something?"

"I told you why. There isn't time."

"Look, Mr. Duff is seeing the morning movie. He won't be disturbed until it's over at a quarter to one. I can see to it that no calls come through for him after that, so how can Dr. Fisher find out? That will give you time."

Martin stopped short and looked down at her. "Miss Edmonds, I can't quite figure you out."

"No?" Her voice sharpened. "Is it necessary to figure me out?"

"I mean sometimes I think you want to give me a break, and sometimes I think you like to pull the wings off butterflies."

"I'm simply a flint-hearted secretary," said Mary. "But I'm not inhuman. How about it? You've got time. You shouldn't waste it."

"I won't," Martin said, and squared his shoulders. "I think my best chance is to ask Barney Driscoll to get the name of that detective from his wife. That's the one lead I have. The girl disappeared. She checked out of her room last night. As a matter of fact, it's my room now."

Mary Edmonds grinned and said, "Better keep the door locked."

"Yes," he said sourly.

"Incidentally," she said, "what happened to your gloves and stick?"

He looked down at his hands. "I must have left them in your office. I'll need that stick. I borrowed it from the Latin instructor at Porthaven."

"You look better without it," she said. "A little more believable."

"I borrowed this suit, too."

She looked at his earnest face and suddenly began to laugh. He frowned. "What's so funny?"

"You should have worn your nice old tweeds," she said. "And smoked your pipe. And left your hair parted in the middle, cowlick and all. That would have made a better impression on Mr. Duff."

"It seems I did everything wrong," he said gloomily. "Not that it will surprise anyone."

"Are you getting back into that mood again?" She gestured impatiently.

"No," Martin said. He hailed a cruising cab.

As he turned to say good-bye she said, "I'm wondering if I ought to go along. As the representative of Mr. Duff, I mean."

Martin frowned. "I see. Mr. Duff sent you out here to talk to me, didn't he?"

"No, he didn't. But he wants that photograph, and I think it's my duty to go along and lend a hand. Don't you?"

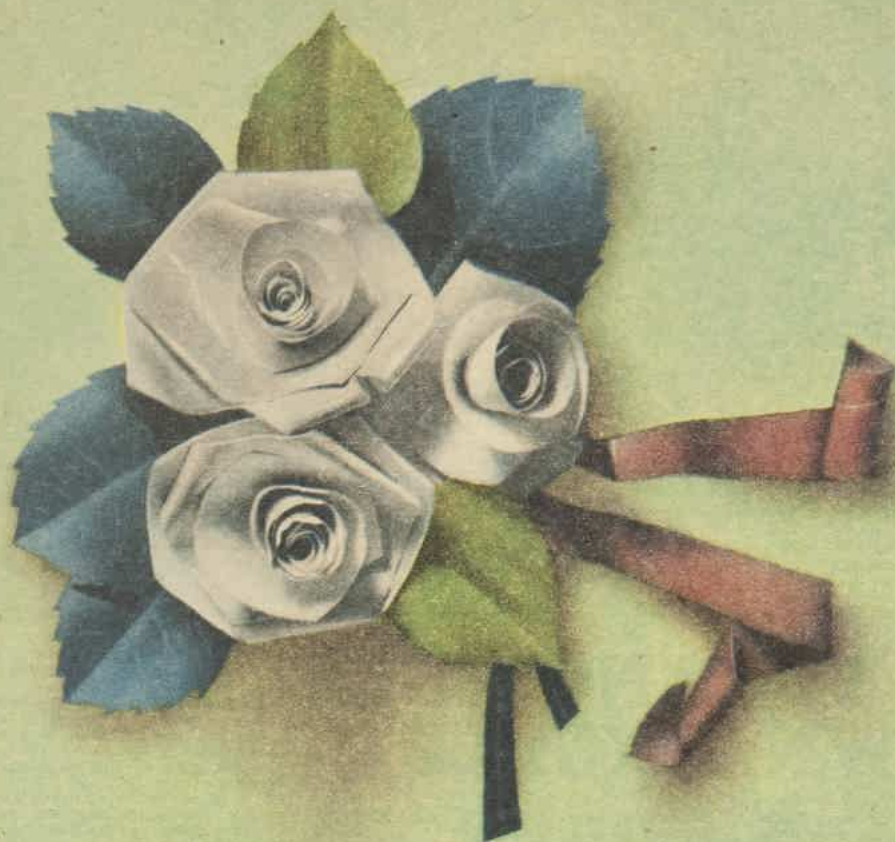
"And to check up," Martin said. She grinned. "That's right. To check up."

Martin liked her smile a little better. He said, "Let's go," and opened the door.

As the cab moved away he murmured, "I'm glad you're coming. You know, Miss Edmonds, you're good for my morale."

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THE SILVER BRACELET

By MARY HOPE

JERRY CLARK sat with his boots on his desk, the hat which he rarely discarded pushed over his eyes, and a cold cigarette between his lips. Jerry was a good reporter—he admitted that himself, but even a good reporter couldn't do much when nothing happened.

As his thoughts played idly along these lines the telephone rang, and expertly he reached for the instrument without disturbing his position. "Daily Triumph," Jerry Clark speaking, he answered monotonously. "Good morning, darling," a cheerful voice said. "Isn't it a wonderful day?"

"Wonderful! I'd love to know what's wonderful about it. Anything new?"

"Well, how do you like that—I believe you just hang round me for what you can get out of me, Jerry Clark."

"And I believe you have the same reason for hanging round me, Sally dear," Jerry grinned, knowing perfectly well that this was not so.

Sally worked on the switchboard of the "Daily Triumph," and had more than once been the means of getting him "the good oil."

"I haven't all day to talk," Sally cut into his thoughts. "I just rang to tell you I heard an interesting conversation over a crossed line."

"You did?"

"Huh! That makes you sit up and take notice, does it? Well, the number called was Brakeside 101, and the person there is called 'Jod.'"

"Got that," Jerry was scribbling notes on a pad balanced precariously on one knee.

"Then the person calling said, 'Sir Hugh's been murdered!' and that's all he said."

Jerry's feet came off the desk with a bang. "Sir Hugh Axton, murdered! Doesn't that mean anything to you?" "Oh, he's some big shot in atoms or something, isn't he?"

"He only happens to be the only person who knew the formula to the latest atomic discovery. It was so dangerous he had a special safe made, and then perfected a lock of which no one but himself knew the combination."

"But can't someone else work on the lock?"

"No. Sir Hugh safeguarded himself and the secret, or he thought he had, by sealing a small bomb behind the lock. If the combination is turned the wrong way by the slightest part of an inch, the formula is automatically destroyed, and the safe will explode."

"Well, it didn't help him—he's dead," Sally remarked with finality. "Yes, and here's my wasting time teaching you history. Are you sure that's all you heard?"

"Yes, the conversation seemed to be interrupted, and then the line went dead. The person called Jod seemed to get very upset when he couldn't contact the line again."

"O.K., Sally, I'll be on my way. If anything comes of this, I'll take you to Dusky's new night-club."

"You mean it, Jerry?"

"Certainly. Well—so long." Sally pulled out the plug and looked happily into space. "Now, what am I going to wear?"

When Jerry arrived at Sir Hugh's palatial home there were several police as well as official cars parked outside. He parked his old single-seater in an inconspicuous corner, and ventured through the garden and up the stairs. Police were on guard at every conceivable point.

"My, my, the place is beautifully decorated," he observed to the young officer on guard at the door. "I haven't seen so many shiny buttons for a long time."

"You'll have the opportunity of observing them as you go out, sir," the policeman answered stiffly. "No one is allowed to enter or leave this house."

"Well," Jerry observed, "you're doing your job as far as the entering goes, but that young woman seems to be leaving without any trouble."

The policeman turned in startled surprise, and made off in pursuit without further words.

The entrance thus left unguarded, Jerry promptly entered and found himself in a large vestibule. The walls were of dark polished wood, and the furniture, though undoubtedly expensive, was sombre.

"Were you looking for someone, sir?"

Jerry jumped. He had not heard a sound, and now as he turned he saw that a butler was standing not three feet behind him.

"Why, yes," he said, with forced cheerfulness. "I'm a representative of the 'Daily Triumph.' I've come to get a statement regarding the murder."

"I beg to correct you, sir," the butler spoke respectfully. "You see, there have been two murders committed within the last hour."

"Two murders," Jerry swallowed hard. "Who was the other victim?"

"The head butler, Jenkins. And now, sir, who was it you wanted to see? I shall be pleased to give them a message, but I'm afraid I can't let you stay. Those are my instructions."

"Oh, you needn't worry about me," Jerry replied, "just take me to the Inspector—he knows me."

"Very good, sir, will you come this way?"

Jerry followed the butler through the long shadowy hall. As they neared a small smoking-room the door-bell rang. Motioning Jerry towards the room, the butler turned back to the front door. "Will you wait in here until I come back, sir?"

"Certainly," Jerry smiled engagingly. "I'll have a cigarette."

AS soon as the butler had gone, Jerry took stock of the room. His roving eye lit upon a damp patch on the carpet, and he thought, blood—recently removed. Then he noticed the small scratches and a large chip out of the table on which the telephone stood.

So, his mind began to piece things together, this is where Jenkins was shot, and it must have been Jenkins whom Sally heard using the telephone.

Glancing round the table, Jerry next discovered a small shining object protruding from beneath a small hollow of the table leg. He bent swiftly and picked it up.

Before he had time to examine the object Jerry heard the approaching steps of the butler. On the spur of the moment he sprang over the back of the large lounge, and stood concealed behind the heavy draperies. He was barely settled when the butler, accompanied by a woman, entered the room.

"It was most unwise of you to leave the house, Miss Barbara. The Inspector will be very annoyed." The butler stopped speaking abruptly, as he noted the empty room.

"You are none too careful yourself, Rutledge," the girl spoke accusingly. "I thought you said the young man was waiting in here."

"So he was when I left him," Rutledge retorted. "I suppose he has gone to find the Inspector himself. He said that he knows him. You wait here, and I'll have a look round." He left the room quickly, closing the door behind him.

"You can come out now!" The girl spoke clearly but softly.

"You must be as observant as you are beautiful," Jerry smiled ruefully as he came out of his hiding place.



Fisher
"You'll give away whatever it is you're hiding, if you're not careful," Jerry warned her.

"And you are obviously as careless with other people's draperies as you are with the truth."

Jerry looked back to where he had been standing, and saw that his cigarette had burned a hole in the folds of the curtain.

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, Miss Axton, but you didn't give me time to get settled before you came in. You're right, of course, I don't know the Inspector, but I've got to get this story, and that's the first thing that entered my head. I'm a reporter."

"I know, and I've no objections to your getting the story. If you don't get it, someone else will sooner or later."

"That's very good of you, Miss Axton. I must say I didn't expect to find an ally in you when I knew you would be upset."

"Why should I be upset? I had no cause to love my father, and everyone knows it. Like most geniuses, Mr. . . ."

"Clark's the name—Jerry Clark."

"As I was saying, Mr. Clark, my father was a brilliant man, but he had no love for anything or anyone except his work." Then abruptly she changed the subject. "What do you need for your story? I think it would be better for you to leave before Rutledge comes back."

"Yes, I think so, too. By the way, what were you looking for in the garden just now?"

Jerry was startled by the change of expression which came over her face, and the difference in her tone when she spoke. It was no longer friendly, but sharp and suspicious.

"What makes you think I was

looking for anything? I merely went out for some fresh air. On second thoughts, Mr. Clark, I think you had better go now. I've changed my mind about the story."

"You change your mind very quickly, don't you, Miss Axton?" "That's none of your business, and now if you don't mind . . ."

She turned quickly to the desk against which she had been leaning. Jerry walked past her, but turned in a split second and caught the hand which held a small automatic. Expertly he wrenched it away from her.

"I'm going, my dear," Jerry spoke quietly, but she was not deceived by the tone. "However, I'll be back, and in the meantime I'd advise you to be more careful. You'll give away whatever it is you're trying to hide."

Her eyes were angry, but she said nothing as Jerry lifted the sash and slipped over the sill. He reached his old car, torn between excitement and wonder, and turned over his facts as he drove slowly back to town.

Sir Hugh had been murdered—then the butler had telephoned to Brakeside 101, obviously to impart the news. He apparently had been suspected, and in turn he had been murdered.

Because he knew too much and was about to pass the information on to someone else? The information being the combination to the safe? Had Sir Hugh given it to someone after all? Jenkins, perhaps? If so, then the secret must have died with Jenkins. Or did the murderer have some clue?

Barbara Axton's strange be-

haviour worried him more and more as he neared the "Daily Triumph" office.

"Hi, Sally!" he called as he passed the switchboard. "Can you come into my office for a moment?"

"All right. Wait till I call Jean to relieve me."

When she was settled in a chair facing him, Jerry told her the story as far as he could.

"Well, things certainly blossom out when I put you on to the goods," Sally beamed.

"Yes," Jerry observed dryly, "and I nearly blossomed into Rutledge's third corpse."

"What are you going to do now, Jerry?"

"I'm going to get this story on to the front page, then, when it's dark, I'm going back to see Barbara Axton."

"And when you get tired of her you'll come back and take me to Dusky's?"

Jerry laughed—Sally was a good little sport, he thought. "I'm going back to see what's doing there tonight, and I've reason to believe it will be worth watching."

"Good luck!" Sally smiled at him. "I'll see you in the morning."

As she reached the door she turned. "By the way, now that you've told me Jenkins was murdered while he was speaking over the phone, I've a feeling he said something after he had been shot."

"Well, for Pete's sake, why wait all this time to tell a man?"

"I wasn't sure before that I even heard anything but since you've been talking about Barbara it came back to me. It sounded like 'Barbara's bracelet!'"

For the second time that day, Sally's words had the effect of galvanising Jerry into action.

"So that's what she was looking for! Here, take a look at this." He pulled the silver ornament from his pocket, where it had remained forgotten.

Sally took the bracelet. "Seems to be made of silver, but what a strange design! Don't you think it was an odd thing for a dying man to say?"

"Yes, it was. And yet, I've a feeling this bracelet was the reason why Barbara lost her head."

"Well, perhaps she treasured it," Sally suggested.

"Perhaps, but she doesn't appear to be a girl who would treasure anything so trivial as this. Besides, why should she be afraid I had guessed she was looking for something?"

Please turn to page 23

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NEVER SAID A WORD

By DOROTHY THOMAS

EVER since Dick's wedding I've been waking early. The birds wake me, and I lie and think about the children. I know they're all three well and happy in their homes, but still I can't get used to their being on their own, and to their not needing me.

Tom says they don't need me. He's been saying it several years now, but until last Monday morning I didn't believe him.

I know the general idea is that, when a son marries, his mother doesn't need to wear herself out with responsibility the way she does when a girl marries, but I do believe Dick's wedding was harder on me than was either of the girls'.

It was not that I took it harder, seeing our baby and only son marry, and it is not that I dislike Maxine. I like the child and have done my best to make her like me. It was that it left Tom and me alone, and that, as it looked to me, each of the children needed me more than ever.

Every morning, as soon as I've seen Tom off I phone the girls. So, when Dick and Maxine got back from their honeymoon I phoned her every morning, too.

I can look straight into their yard from the window where I sit at the phone.

This particular Monday morning I phoned Maxine a second time because there was something that worried me and I thought I could help the poor child with it.

The child doesn't know how to hang up a shirt—or any other garment, for that matter. And because we got off to a bad start, Maxine and I, and she's touchy, I'd never said a word but had let her go on hanging out her wash any old way, week after week, the months they'd been married.

But that morning I decided it was just foolish of me and I rang her. I was going to ask her if she'd like me to come over and help her.

When she answered the phone—came in from the backyard to answer it—she said, "Yes, what is it?" so stiffly.

"I wondered if you'd like me to come over and help you hang out your washing—help you with the sheets and table linen?"

"No. No, thank you," she said, and the tone of her voice nearly made me cry.

But I just said, "Then I won't keep you, dear," and hung up.

Half an hour later, to see one of those good hemstitched sheets we gave them dragging the grass did make me cry.

I felt sad and lonely and upset, so I went and got the car. I wanted to see my girls.

Driving over to Norma's, I thought about Maxine and how I started off badly with her that first night Dick brought her to see us and told us they were going to marry. I cried, as was perfectly natural, and Maxine took that as a personal affront.

I said to Tom after they were gone, "I'm going to make that girl like me or know the reason why."

Tom said, "Of course she likes you—she's just a bit shy, meeting Dick's people. She's very pretty."

Maxine is pretty. She has big grey-blue eyes and a full, pouty mouth, and short hair.

"They'll be all right," Tom said. "Just leave them alone. Young people in love like to be left alone."

That's the way Tom is—thinks everything will come out all right if you don't fuss. Not that he isn't ready to do things for the children.

Why, he'd give his right arm for them.

Norma and Bob live out in a new suburb, right over the other side of town. They could have built right there behind us where Dick's house is. But, no, they had to be out there in that new suburb!

I suggested to Tom we give Dick the block behind us instead, and he said, "Good idea, if they want it." Then I asked Jacobs, who designed and built our place, to bring over plans, and we had Maxine to dinner.

We spread those lovely plans out on the dining-table, and Tom and I went off to the pictures to leave the children to consider them alone.

When we got home Maxine looked quite stormy. I was sure she had been crying, though Tom said after he thought I was mistaken about that.

I went upstairs to get out of my good shoes, and when I came down Tom was sitting between those two on the couch, his arms around both, and they had the one plan Maxine liked on the coffee table in front of them, and Dick was doing his best to draw into it some ideas Maxine had that she'd drawn up and brought along with her.

Tom looked up at me and suggested Dick take Maxine out to see how the block looked by the light of the moon.

She said, "You're sweet," and threw her arms around Tom and kissed him. Dick has a warm, kind nature, like his father's, and I was glad to see the girl had that much warmth in her; I'd have hated to see him married to a chilly sort of girl.

We were lucky to get Jacobs for Dick. Our lot runs right through the block, so that their house faces the other way and looks out over the little park. Our giving it to them was a kind of thanks offering for Dick's coming safely through the war, and one that I doubted Maxine really appreciated.

It is a comfort to walk into Norma's house—and a credit to me, and the time I put into training that child, if I do say it myself. Everything looked nice this particular morning, as always. Norma is really quite pretty, but she'd just washed her hair and put it up with pins, and had that peeled look that makes her seem so severe. I thought that might account for her not seeming too glad to see me.

"Where's Bobbie?" I asked. Usually that dear baby comes running out to the car to meet me, his arms held up, calling, "Here's my ga-mommy!" He's the dearest child!

"He's in bed," Norma said.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "What's the matter with my boy? Is he sick?" I started towards his room. Norma has made the dearest nursery for him.

"Don't go in there, mother!" Norma said to me, really quite sharply.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he's in bed," she said. "I made him go to bed for punishment."

"You did?" I said. "But, Norma, you told me yourself that you read that that was no way to punish a child—that it was wrong as could be. What's he done?"

Norma sighed. "Poured all my shampoo, the whole bottle, down the bathroom basin."

"What for?" I asked.

"You tell what for," Norma said crossly. "He did that while you were phoning me. He's gone from

one piece of mischief to another all day, starting with that while you were phoning."

I didn't like at all the way Norma was harping, or appeared to be harping, on my phoning her.

"Are you tired, dear?" I asked.

"I'm out of sorts," Norma said. "Some mornings Bobbie's so good it frightens me, and other mornings, like this one, he's simply possessed."

"He's just a baby," I said.

Just then he appeared in the door, without a stitch on, looking his sweetest. I held out my arms to him, and he came leaping and laughing to climb into my lap and hug me.

"Bobbie," Norma said in a cold, quiet voice, "what did mother say? Why did you take off your pyjamas again?"

"Ga-mommy's here!" he said, and hugged me the tighter.

"What did mother say?" she asked.

"Bed," he whispered. "Stay bed."

"Well?" she said.

I loosened my arms. He looked up at me so appealingly, then slid from my knees and said to her wistfully, "Ga-mommy's come."

"I know," she said, "but you've been a bad boy, Bobbie."

He went with backward looks that would break your heart. I didn't say a word while he was in sight and hearing, for Tom and I have

Maxine must have heard me as I turned to go, because she gasped and put the receiver down hurriedly.

made it a rule never to interfere with discipline, but after he'd gone I said, "Norma, what's got into you? You tell me that it's against the rules ever to tell a child he's bad, or to send a child to bed for punishment, and here—"

"I know," she sighed, "but some mornings I get so desperate I forget all the rules. Mother, what's the matter with Maxine?"

"Matter?" I asked. "I don't know. Is something the matter?"

"It sounds like it," she said. "I phoned her this morning to ask her if she'd like to come over and play bridge this afternoon and she burst into tears. She said, 'I can't. I'm too tired.'"

"Well, for goodness' sake," I said. "I don't know what she's done to be tired. She did wash this morning, but it's not such a big washing. Perhaps if I'd gone and helped—"

"I think," Norma broke in, "I just think she wants to be left alone!"

"Left alone?" I said. "By whom, Norma? By me?"

"I didn't say that," Norma said, and then, "Oh, mother, I'm out of sorts. This isn't a good day to come and see me. Some days I'm a good mother and some days I'm not, and this is one of the days I'm not!"

"Of course you're a good mother, dear," I said. "You're just a bit upset. You let me have that boy and take him home and you take a good rest before your friends come in for bridge."

"I don't need a rest," she said. "I'm not having any friends in. I decided I didn't want them after I talked to Maxine. And I don't want you to take Bobbie home! He's mine, and I ought to take care of him. When you start a piece of discipline you ought to see it through."

"Even if it's wrong?" I asked. "Norma, you are out of sorts. Have you and Bob had a little tiff or something?"

Norma turned her back on me and said, "Oh, mother, please—just leave me alone! Come back another morning, and let's not talk now!" And if she didn't hand me my car keys! I couldn't believe my eyes and ears.

"All right, dear, if that's the way you feel," I said. Norma is our eldest and in some ways our most difficult. I knew she'd feel dreadful after I'd gone, so I said, "It's all right, dear," and tiptoed out without going in to give that blessed put-to-bed baby even one kiss.

Please turn to page 15

Page 9

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 4, 1948

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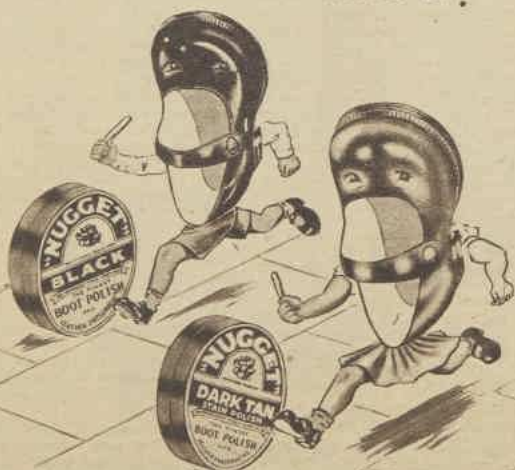
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I'm a Stranger in Town Myself

Continued from page 5

GIVING the taxi-driver the address on the Hotel Westbrook, Martin brought out cigarettes. As he held a light for Mary, she noticed the oversize book of paper matches, and her eyebrows went up. "The Club Pigalle?" she said. "Only in town since yesterday, but you've been around, haven't you?" "I've never been there," he said. "I suppose they came with the cigarettes." He shook his head. "Only I bought the cigarettes in Porthaven. I haven't bought any in New York." He dropped the matches back into his pocket, nodded. "I remember. I picked them up last night in Driscoll's room."

The taxi was moving south on Madison Avenue. Mary said softly, "You know, you're a strange person."

"Why?" "Well, you sit there smoking cigarettes, but you don't like cigarettes, do you?"

"I prefer my pipe." "Then why don't you smoke your pipe?"

"I left my pipe at Porthaven," he said. "You see, I..."

"You wanted to make an impression," she broke in. The irritating smile was in evidence again. "Not exactly. You see, the fellow who owns this suit didn't want me packing a pipe around in it."

"You intend to have it cleaned and pressed before you return it, don't you?"

"Of course." "Then for goodness' sake, Mr. Vincent, buy yourself a pipe!" She leaned forward. "Driver, stop somewhere so the man can buy a pipe."

She sank back again beside Martin. "Do you always do precisely what's expected of you?"

Martin shrugged. "I never gave it much thought."

"You gave plenty of thought to not having a pipe."

The cab drew up to the curb and the driver said, "Here you are, sir." "Go ahead," said Mary. "Buy one."

Martin bought pipe and tobacco pouch. He filled the pipe and lighted it, and returned to the cab, carrying the pouch in his hand. As the taxi-cab moved on, Mary said, "Go on, stick it in your pocket."

He looked at the tobacco pouch, grinned, and put it away. Sucking in the sharp tobacco from the new pipe he felt much better.

"On second thoughts," he said as the cab stopped at the Hotel Westbrook, "I'd better go up and see Driscoll alone. I think you'd better not come up."

"In that case," she said. "I just came along for the ride."

"For a drink," Martin said. They went into the hotel and Mary walked slowly, her lips pursed in thought. "Maybe for lunch," he said. "It's nearly noon. Will you have lunch with me?"

She hesitated only an instant. "All right." She gave him a sideways glance. "So you don't want me to see Driscoll?"

Martin was offended. "If you're still suspicious, come ahead."

"Oh, all right," said Mary. "You see Driscoll. I'll wait here in the lobby."

excuse us, Miss Edmonds, I'd like a word with Mr. Vincent."

He drew Martin aside, whispered. "Is it settled, Vincent?"

Martin pulled away from Dr. Fisher's eager hand on his elbow. "Give me time. Nothing is settled yet."

Dr. Fisher glanced over his shoulder at Mary. "A very sound procedure, taking the young lady out to lunch. Very sound, Vincent. Keep plugging away."

"Yes," Martin said, and tried to move on, but the headmaster's hand detained him.

"I'm waiting on the chairman of the trustees," he said. "He's on his way, Martin."

"You called him up?" "That's right. We're having lunch here at the hotel."

Martin escaped to the elevator, and Dr. Fisher walked back to join Mary. Martin was thankful that Mary had chosen to keep the headmaster occupied, but he wondered if her motive wasn't also to check thoroughly on him. Under the present circumstances, he was confident that Dr. Fisher would give a good report.

Martin got off at the twelfth floor and knocked on the door of room 1207. A voice called, "Who is it?"

"Martin Vincent."

"Who?" "Don't you remember me, Mr. Driscoll? Last night."

"Sure," said Barney Driscoll. He opened the door. "Come in. I want to speak to you." He waved to a chair. "Sit down. A drink?"

"No, thanks," Martin said. Driscoll went to the mirror to resume knotting a necktie that was far from timid. He said over his shoulder, "Tell you what I want. I want an outline of that story idea of yours."

"What idea?" "The boys' school idea you were talking about last night. Work me up an outline. A couple of paragraphs."

Martin blinked. "Mr. Driscoll, that was your idea. It wasn't mine. Right now I want to get the name of that detective you wife hired."

"How should I know who he is?" "Your wife could tell you."

Driscoll grinned. "What do you want me to do, call her up and say, 'Sweetie-pie, give me the name of that private eye you got trying to frame me?'"

"I guess not," Martin said. "But maybe if I talked to her I could get the name. Where can I get in touch with her?"

"Don't ask me," Driscoll said. "I don't know where she is. What about the dame that was here last night? Can't you find her?"

"I don't know how," Martin said. He moved slowly towards the door, turned with his hand on the knob. "By the way, where's a good place to take a girl for lunch? I'm a stranger in town."

"You like French food? Try the Ecrevisse, on Fiftieth Street. Matter of fact, I'm having lunch there myself."

"Okay," Martin said. "Thanks." Going down in the elevator, Martin thought that it was very nearly impossible to find Madeleine Petit, but the problem did not have his full attention. He thought instead of luncheon at the Ecrevisse with Mary Edmonds. Definitely, that girl was good for his morale.

He took out his pipe and filled it, and the bowl was glowing when he stepped out of the elevator into the lobby.

Mary and Dr. Fisher were not where he had left them. He circled the lobby, then tried the bar. They were at a table near the windows, and with them was a heavy man with yellowish skin and loose, full lips.

Dr. Fisher got to his feet as Martin approached, and was ready with a hearty handshake. The loose-lipped man gave him a keen glance of appraisal.

Please turn to page 15

Interesting People



MR. ARTHUR O'CONNOR
... boosts own country

AFTER helping to put Australia on a map in U.S. for 18 years, Mr. Arthur O'Connor has made home visit to Melbourne, before going to New Guinea to collect material for American lecture tour. In 1930, opened and managed North American branch of Australian National Travel Association. During war was Director of Public Relations, Australian War Supplies Mission, Washington. He is the son of Michael O'Connor, who was Eureka Stockade leader with Peter Lalor.



MISS ELAINE FIFIELD
... baby ballerina

PRINCIPAL dancer of the Sadler's Wells Number Two Ballet Company that recently toured Ireland was Sydney's Elaine Fifield, who is only 17. Famous dancers such as Helpmann and Markova predict a great future for Elaine. Her height, five feet three inches, is classically ideal for a ballerina. Affectionately called Fif by the rest of the dancers, Elaine spent only two terms at Sadler's Wells School before being put into the company.



MR. W. H. EMERY
... pink cakes

YOUTHFUL head of Manchester's Civic Restaurant Service, 31-year-old Mr. W. H. Emery, regards his work with cakes, pastries, and jellies as just another form of industrial design. It's a part of his job to study people's violent reactions to color in food. Says: "Pink cakes are most popular; green puts eaters off. The smallest trimming adds to sales values in jellies; a few tiny pastry leaves on a meat-pie increase demand by 30 per cent."



● Draw-string type such as this beach bag is the only one Paris wears slung over the shoulder now.



● Elegance is the keynote for Parisian bags this season. Both the styles above are made in soft suede, and are essentially feminine in design.



● Spherical in shape and with plaited handle, the bag, above left, is of very soft suede. With it is a leather bag, inspired by a hatbox, and made with a deep opening in a gilt frame.



● The huge hand-bags of last year have given way to small ones, such as those above, which hang comfortably, charmingly, and easily from the wrist.

New Shapes



● Grandmother's reticule was the forerunner of this delicate bag with its round gold top fitting over the bracket opening.

Our fashion editor, Mrs. Mary Hordern, selected these bags in Paris for our Fashion Parades. They show the definite trends of this season—elegance, smaller size, and unusual shapes.

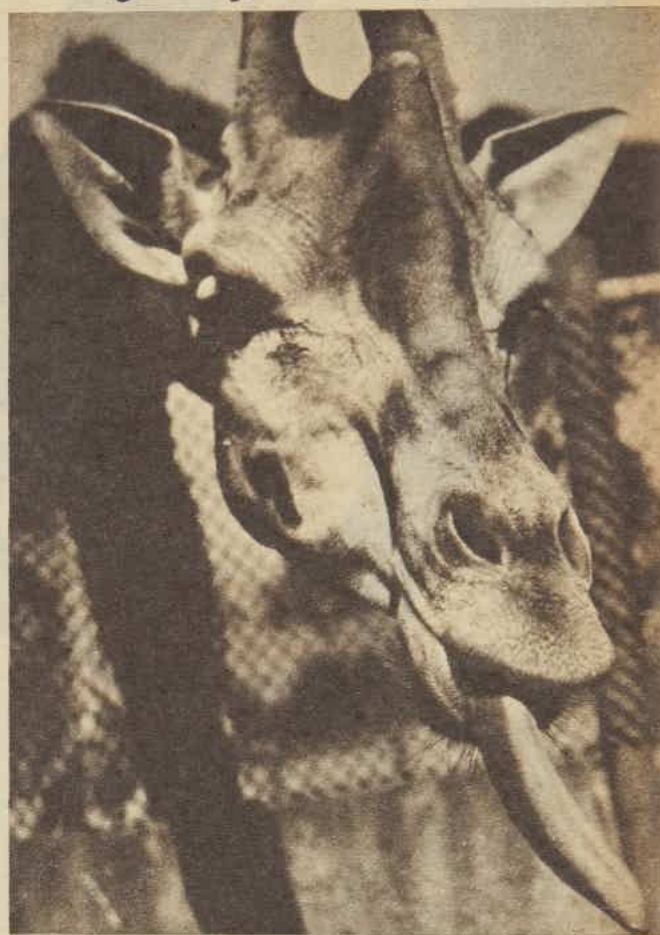
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
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● Unusual shapes are much in evidence, and here the designer has taken a football as the model and, following the line faithfully, has made a compact and roomy tailored bag.



Mighty's



FATHER, three-year-old Jan Smuts, sticks out his tongue to draw attention. "The kid looks pretty good," thinks father, "but it's the same anywhere. We men are always in the background."

SPRING SHOWING for baby giraffe at Taronga Zoo, Sydney. Mother, Mighty, who is 16 years old, leads the grand parade.

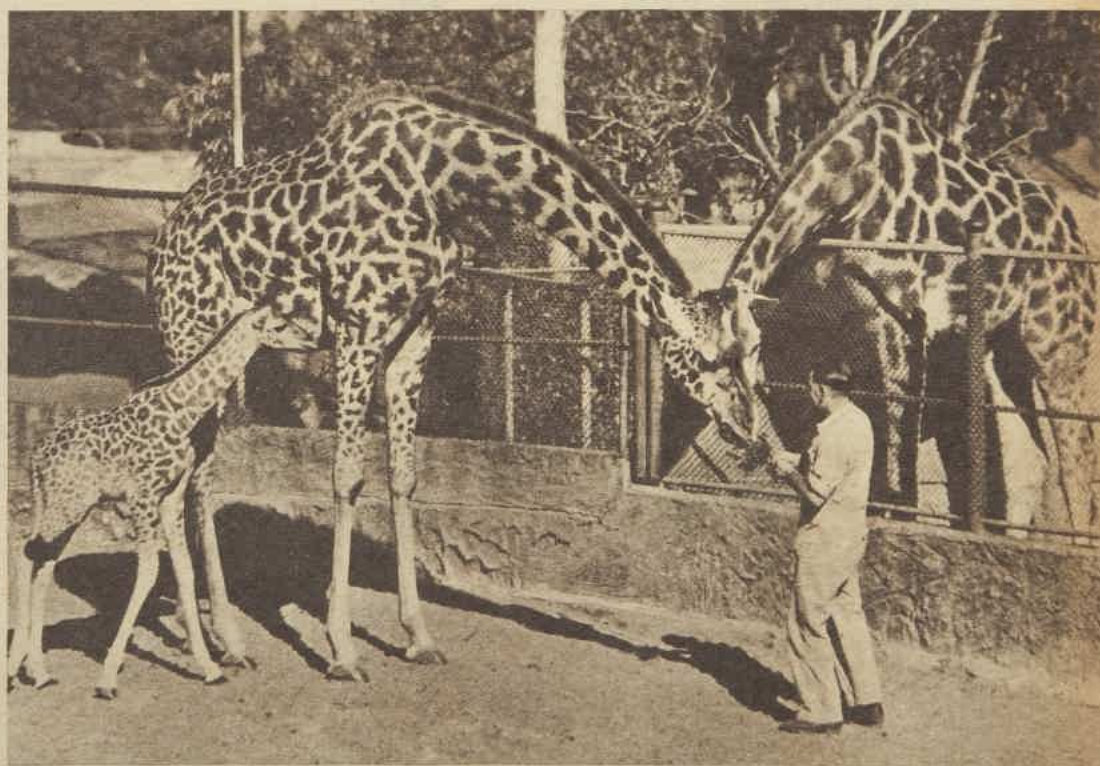
GLAMOR girl of Taronga Park, Sydney, just now is the baby giraffe, the Zoo's greatest springtime attraction. Other new Zoo babies haven't received half the notice that the giraffe has. They trumpet and chatter in protest, but the baby giraffe is wise, serene, and says nothing. Perhaps because, being a giraffe, she can't answer back. A giraffe's voice-box is undeveloped.

Since the fifth day of her life, when she stepped from the darkness of her cave to face batteries of photographers, she has drawn admirers. She showed then she has a rather bewitching smile, which she turns on to susceptible cameramen.

Mighty's atom was a bit tottery on her slim legs at first, but after an hour was cantering happily round in circles. She moved as gracefully as her parents, placing her hoofs on the sandy soil delicately and silently. "She has floating knee action," said a looker-on.

She made the most of her first day in the sun. From a timid start at 10.30 she became quite bold by 12.30.

Zoo Superintendent Mr. R. A. Patton and Keeper M. Ferry entered the enclosure and tried to tempt Mighty and the baby into their house again by holding out handfuls of food. But the atom was not interested. In her young life things were really looking up at last.

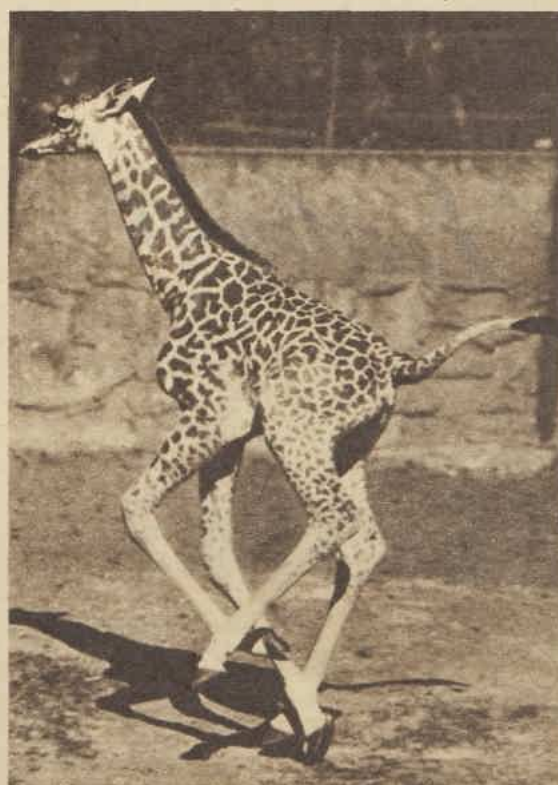
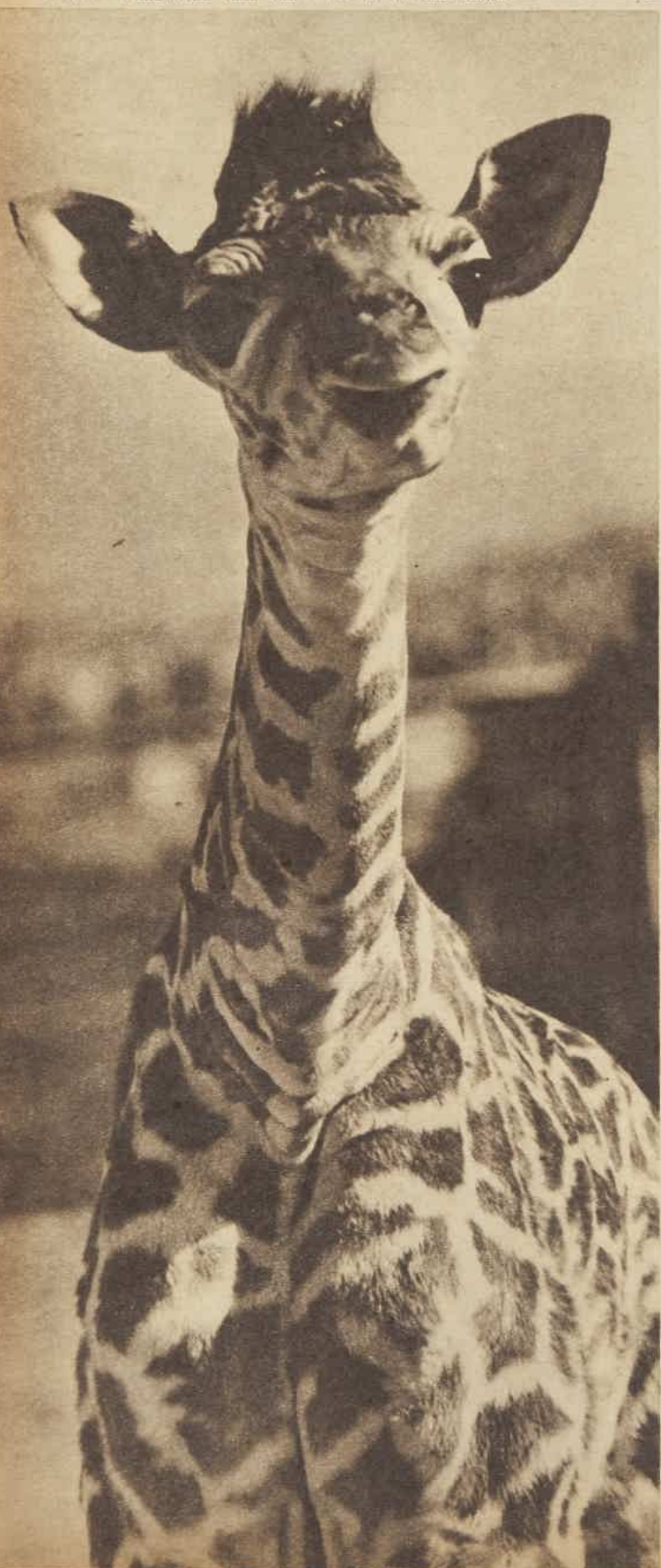


FAMILY GROUP. Keeper Marlborough Ferry hands out morning tea to Mighty and Jan. The baby is still rather timid, and hangs back by mother. Keepers wear special clothes, always the same, to accustom the animals to them. Giraffes enjoy lucerne, hay, barley, and carrots, and drink 12 gallons of water a day.

atom

Baby giraffe is spring attraction at Taronga

MIGHTY'S "ATOM" (below), who was six feet two inches at birth. Visitors to the Zoo admired the baby's wide brown eyes and pink rubbery mouth as she smiled for the camera. Widespread ears show she is on the alert.



MOTHER waits while infant quenches thirst. Mighty and her baby daughter sleep on piles of hay. This is the third baby giraffe born at Taronga, but the other two did not survive. Zoo officials are hopeful of the atom's future. She weighed 140 lbs. at birth and, with her sleek, shiny coat, appears to be a lusty infant.

★ ★ ★

TO CANTER is fun, but careful there, baby, you don't want to do too much so early in life. Those legs look dangerously slim. Pictures by staff photographer Tim Wilson.

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Lingerie

I'm a Stranger in Town Myself

DR. FISHER said genially, "My boy, I want you to meet Oliver Pratt, the chairman of the trustees. Oliver, this is the young teacher we've been talking about."

Mr. Pratt gave Martin's hand a firm shake, then withdrew his own hand immediately, and transferred it to a Manhattan.

"I've heard a good report of you, Mr. Vincent," he said. "I was already informed as to your record at the school. Sit down. The cock-tails are on the board of trustees to-day. What will it be?"

"I'll have a Manhattan, too," Martin said, and sat down.

"Vincent, Miss Edmonds has been telling us that you made a very fine speech last night," said Dr. Fisher. "Mr. Duff had some nice things to say about you, and I believe you have a friend at court." He beamed at Mary. "Am I right, Miss Edmonds?"

"Quite right," Mary said. "I like to see a Porthaven boy make good."

"Oliver," said Dr. Fisher, leaning across the small table. "What do you say we call old Pudd'n up?"

"Call who?" said Mr. Pratt. "Mr. Duff. Pudd'n, we used to call him at Porthaven."

Mary said hastily, "I'm afraid Mr. Duff won't be available, Dr. Fisher. This is a busy day for him."

"And I think you'd better wait," Martin said nervously. "Give me a little more time."

"Mr. Vincent is the man in the field," Oliver Pratt said. "Let's listen to Mr. Vincent."

Martin gulped his Manhattan as soon as the waiter placed the glass in front of him. Mary gave him a meaning glance and said, "Maybe I'd better make that telephone call now, Mr. Vincent."

"Telephone call?" Martin said blankly.

Continued from page 10

"The telephone call to end all telephone calls," Mary said, with a significant smile.

Martin understood and said, "You bet."

She went to the telephone booth, and as soon as she was out of hearing Dr. Fisher said expansively, "Our Mr. Vincent has disclosed unsuspected talents, Oliver. Winning over Mr. Duff's secretary is a master stroke, I would say."

"Good job," said Oliver Pratt, with a loose grin. "Now let's hear just how we stand with Mr. Duff. You saw him this morning, I understand."

"Yes," Martin said.

"Well," said Dr. Fisher, after a pause. "Speak up, Vincent. How did it go?"

"Mr. Duff was very busy," Martin

BUTCH



"Hands up! Where's all the pennies?"

said. "He was about to run off a motion picture, and we didn't have much time to talk."

"You're seeing him later, aren't you?"

"Oh," Martin said, "naturally."

"When the picture is over?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"Now, Jimmy, we're going to leave all this to Mr. Vincent," Mr. Pratt said. "However, we will expect immediate word from you, young man." He turned to Martin.

"Dr. Fisher and I will take care of the details, when the time comes. Mr. Duff does considerable business through my bank, you know, and I might say that I have a certain influence with him. When the time comes, I'll be happy to throw my weight in, for what it's worth. We'll await word from you."

"We're having lunch here at the Westbrook," said Dr. Fisher. "You can have us paged, Vincent."

"Yes," Martin said.

"Shall we have another cocktail?" said Oliver Pratt, and looked round for the waiter.

Dr. Fisher smiled broadly. "Oliver, maybe we ought to find ourselves another table. I think we're intruding on these two young people."

Mr. Pratt was instantly on his feet. He dropped a hand on Martin's shoulder as Martin started to rise, and pushed him back into his chair.

"We'll leave you to your spade-work," he said. "And let me leave one word with you, Vincent. The trustees will appreciate the work you're doing, believe me. You're the type of young man we want at Porthaven. You can expect a suitable reward from the trustees, I'm sure."

"I don't want any reward," Martin said miserably.

Oliver Pratt smiled. "Of course, you will have our lasting gratitude for saving the school, my boy, but I think there should be something more tangible. I have in mind a definite advancement in your career. Suppose we discuss it later."

"Yes, Mr. Pratt," Martin said.

"Come along, Oliver," Dr. Fisher said. "Old fellows like us should follow up a cocktail with solid food. Vincent, give our compliments to the young lady and ask her to excuse us."

"Yes, Dr. Fisher," Martin said. "And remember," the headmaster added, "have us paged."

To be continued

to me, after the way Norma had acted.

"Oh, how pretty!" she said, when she saw the twins in their new sun-suits. "Isn't that blue lovely on them? But you shouldn't."

"And why not?" I asked. "They're my own little granddaughters, aren't they? I love getting things for them."

Marjorie said, "You're nice, mother, even though you won't believe. Maxine just doesn't understand you."

"Maxine?" I said. "What makes you say that, dear?"

"Oh, nothing," Marjorie said. "Nothing of importance. Just—we were talking last night at Norma's, all of us, about you and Dad and all you do for us, and—Maxine doesn't understand, that's all!"

"You mean," I said, "that you were at Norma's last night and Maxine and Dick were there, and Norma didn't say anything about it and you didn't, any of you, mention it when I phoned you this morning?"

"Oh, mother—it wasn't a planned party or anything like that," Marjorie hurried to tell me.

"Of course, dear," I said, and turned back to the dishes. Really, I couldn't keep back the tears. The children all together, like that, and then not mentioning it, not saying a word of it to me!

I said, "Dear, I just can't bear this for you. All this awfully hard work, and no hot water, and you all dirty and smelling of that chicken stuff, and the twins like they were—and this house like this! Dear, let me help you! Let me make a plan, for your day, for your work, for you to follow, so you'll get first things done first, and—"

Please turn to page 28

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Never Said a Word

FEELING as I did, I just couldn't go home then. I decided I'd drive out to the farm to see Marjorie. I went down to the shops and got a few things, and I saw the prettiest little sunsuits for the twins and bought them and drove out.

Marjorie and Victor have a poultry farm four miles out of town. I confess I opposed it a little at first—just to Tom, and not to the children; never said a word to them, of course—Victor's taking Marjorie out there to live. I thought, at her age and as slight and carefree a child as she was, it would be a lot too much work and responsibility for her.

But Tom pointed out to me that the farm was Victor's and a good place at that, and that Marjorie, if she'd made up her mind to marry him, should take him as she found him, take the home he was ready to provide as she found it, too. I had to agree with him.

Their place is ever so nice—Marjorie and Victor's. We persuaded them to have Jacobs make it over. We made a really beautiful and distinctive home of it as our wedding gift.

I drove up beside the house and got out and carried my basket and parcels in the side door and started in calling, "Xoo-hoo!" and then the sight of that house simply struck me dumb. Oh, I've seen Marjorie's place in a clutter before, but never like that—never!

I went on into the kitchen and it was worse than the dining-room and living-room. There were dirty dishes everywhere, even on the stove and chairs.

As I stared at it all, the twins came running in the back door to meet me, and really, they were a sight. They left the screen door open and in came flies and a cat and a stray hen. I shooed it out, and then hugged those blessed little girls. They were in rags, and dirty rags at that. And their hair hadn't been combed yet.

I called again and this time Marjorie answered, faintly, from one of the chicken pens, and there I

Continued from page 9

found her, sitting on a box with little chicks in another box in front of her and one in the slack of her apron lap. She was putting something down it, something smelly, I thought. She looked up at me and smiled.

"Why, precious," I said, "what- ever are you doing?"

"Doctoring my chicks. Go on to the house, mother, and I'll be in as soon as I can. You'll get dirty out here. The house is a mess, but I can't help it. This takes time."

"But you look so tired, dear," I said.

"Can you come pretty soon?"

"I'll come as soon as I can," she said, and put one chick down and reached for another.

I wondered if she knew what she was about with those chickens, but that was one place where I couldn't help her. She looked almost as bad as the twins, but I did have to own she looked stronger, and, if not actually happy, very much interested in what she was doing.

"Come, dears," I said, and took the twins to the bathroom to give them their bath, only to find there was no hot water.

"Daddy fix, when he gets time," Jean said, while Joan just stood and grinned.

In the kitchen I found warm water in the stove boiler. I washed and combed them and got them into those new sunsuits, and they looked lovely and very much out of place in that untidy house. Then I set to work.

When Marjorie came in at last, smelling dreadfully of whatever it was she'd been giving the chickens, I'd set the dining-room to rights and was at work on the dishes.

"When is Victor going to get the hot-water tank fixed?" I wanted to know.

Marjorie was cheerful as she said, "Oh, when he can. But you shouldn't be doing this," she said, looking round the kitchen. "You make me feel ashamed."

"You ought to be ashamed," I said lightly and affectionately. It did make my heart feel good to have Marjorie glad to see me, and sweet

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ROMANTIC TOUCH to departure was last-minute wedding of F/O. Dave Evans (left), of Sydney, to Gail Campbell. With him is F/Lt. "Blue" Page, of Queensland.



AIR-CREW PERSONNEL, F/O. Campbell, of Queensland, F/Lt. Gentle, Tas., F/Lt. Shadforth, W.A., F/Lt. Bourke, N.S.W., W/O. Williams, N.S.W., and W/O. Hanel, N.S.W.



PATHFINDER, F/Lt. Eric Gentle, D.F.C. (left), who was attached to Bomber Command, points out Berlin flying route to R.A.A.F. navigators F/Lt. Bell and F/Lt. Ruschert.

R.A.A.F. veterans will help in Berlin air lift

Led by ex-p.o.w., 40 airmen leave on vital mission

Many of the war veterans among the R.A.A.F. Dakota crews who left for London last week to assist in the air lift to Berlin will be flying over routes familiar to them when they carried more deadly cargoes.

They are keenly looking forward to their mission and to meeting up with an old mate, Johnny Cornish.

FLIGHT-LIEUT. CORNISH, a New South Wales pilot attached to 242 Squadron, R.A.F., made history last month when he flew the R.A.F.'s 3000th flight supply into Berlin since the blockade, and was photographed being kissed and presented with roses by a fraulein at Gatow airport.

He will be joined by a team of 40 trained R.A.A.F. men who have served in all theatres of war from the Middle East to New Guinea.

These men have been specially picked from 36 and 38 Squadrons, at Schofields, N.S.W. I talked with them a day or two before their date of departure had been announced.

Mainly members of the 86 R.A.A.F. Transport Wing, which flew the courier service to Japan at the war's end, they are a distinguished group of men, including ex-fighter Command pilots, D.F.C. winners, and veterans of many European campaigns.

They come from almost every State in Australia.

There is red-headed pilot Flight-Lieut. "Blue" Page, of Queensland, who flew Hudsons in the Middle East and took part in the Libya and Cyrenaica campaigns.

There is youthful-looking, 27-year-old navigator "Filter" Carrick, of Sydney, who was in Beaufighters from the beginning of the Pacific air war.

There is D.F.C. winner Flight-Lieut. Eric Gentle, who comes from Hobart, Tasmania, served with the

Pathfinder Force of R.A.F. Bomber Command, was in casualty work in Germany, and at the conclusion of the war worked with the Missing Persons section throughout Germany.

Commanding officer is good-looking, moustached Squadron-Leader "Cy" Greenwood, of Melbourne, one of the early R.A.A.F. pilots flying Beaufighters.

Greenwood's war record is an outstanding one. After many daring missions from Darwin, his plane caught fire in aerial combat over the Aru Islands and crashed into the sea.

He was in the water 18 hours before he was picked up by a Japanese cruiser, and was a prisoner of war for nearly three years.

He was released at the end of the war, and since his return to Australia has been attached to the transport service running to Japan.

For the past year he has been Commanding Officer of 36 Squadron, from which half of the men going to Berlin were picked.

They are all keen to stand behind the Commonwealth Government's offer of assistance in the air lift to Berlin.

While they were waiting at Schofields for the final word on their date of departure the men attended lectures and briefings on their work in Germany, assembled their gear, and received special instruction on flying conditions over Europe.

They were also given injections for cholera, typhus, typhoid, and tetanus, and received smallpox vaccination.

In their spare time they dis-

By JOAN POWE,
staff reporter

cussed conditions, looked at maps, and got details on Germany from the squadron's recognised authority, Flight-Lieut. Gentle.

Quiet-spoken Flight-Lieut. Gentle, a former schoolteacher, joined the R.A.A.F. at the beginning of the war.

His work in Germany gave him a full knowledge of the country. Together with guides and interpreters he covered the entire British and American Zones looking for missing Australian casualties, and travelled through part of the Russian Zone.

"We found no living missing persons, and much of the work rested on identification by exhumation," he said. "We accounted for almost all the Australian casualties who had been reported missing."

Flight-Lieut. Gentle is married to an English girl, has a 14-months-old son, and is looking forward to seeing his wife's parents at Bristol while he is in England.

More than half the men going to Berlin are married, many to English girls they met while training early in the war.

But the "surprise packet" of the crew was 23-year-old Flying-Officer Dave Evans, of Artamon, Sydney, youngest of the men going, who married Sydney girl Gail Campbell two days before the first contingent left for Berlin.

Familiar scenes

A FEW of the men had picked up a smattering of German during the war years, but no one was worrying about brushing it up in the interval before departure.

"Ninety per cent. of Berliners in the British Zone know a bit of English, so the boys will be all right," Flight-Lieut. Terry Bourke, of Deonside, N.S.W., told me.

He is one of the men who visited Berlin on leave after the war, and is looking forward to seeing England, Germany, and as many other places as possible while he is away.

"From D-Day I was on R.A.F. Transport over Europe, and was stationed with a unit in Buckeburg for a while," he said. "It had every comfort, from a swimming-pool to tennis courts, so if the men are stationed in Western Germany they will probably be quite well off."

"I saw quite a bit of Europe, but



COMMANDING OFFICER of the 40 R.A.A.F. men who will assist the Berlin air lift, Squadron-Leader "Cy" Greenwood, of Melbourne, packing his bags before leaving Schofields station.

I still think Germany is the most beautiful of all countries I visited."

Most disappointed men at Schofields are the maintenance crew, who would also have gone to Germany had it been decided to send Australian Dakotas as well as aircrew.

A maintenance crew of 20 fitters, riggers, and crew chiefs had been selected to accompany the Dakotas, and had received a full account of Germany from fellow-worker Corporal Buckham, of Sydney, who spent seven months in Germany with the occupation Air Force troops at the end of the war.

But they're taking it philosophically.

"They might still need us," Corporal Buckham commented.



CLOSE-UP SHOT of Dakota plane of 86 R.A.A.F. Transport Wing, showing the insignia.



NAVIGATOR "Filter" Carrick (right) and F/O. Ken Staib mark the route they will travel on a globe of the world.



LINE-UP of Australian pilots, navigators, and wireless operators who will fly Dakotas on the air lift route to Berlin. Behind them are the Dakotas of the 86 R.A.A.F. Transport Wing.

REWARDS OF SERVICE

CURRENT shortage of recruits to responsible callings rises from the fact that payment for jobs is often curiously out of proportion to the importance of the work.

Teachers, nurses, policemen, firemen (to say nothing of housewives and mothers) are all people on whom the community relies for some of its most vital services. Yet none of them are well paid.

Idealists say soothingly that such jobs carry their own rewards in a feeling of service done.

Yet no matter how sincere the workers are, they must sometimes note bitterly the comparative riches to be won by a milliner with a flair for business or by some smart young man operating as a commission agent.

Most of the ill-paid jobs carry other disadvantages—the isolation of young teachers in country outposts, the discipline of a nurse's training, long hours and danger in the lives of policemen and firemen.

The community is deeply shocked when any of these workers strike, as did firemen recently in Sydney.

The essential nature of their work makes such strikes seem particularly irresponsible.

But surely this in itself is a reason why the community should see that their pay is constantly adjusted to the decreasing value of money, so that they have financial security as well as the satisfaction of doing a job that matters.

WORTH Reporting

DURING the past few weeks mail for The Australian Women's Weekly has reached the proportions of a postman's nightmare.

Our 50,000-odd entries for the Paris Hat Competition plus the daily thousands for the cookery and crossword competitions must be making the P.M.G.'s Department a whole lot happier about that £783,000 it lost on operations during the past financial year.

Our favorite piece of mail came from the Taxation Department just before the Hat Contest closed. It enclosed an entry and it ran as follows:—

"Dear Madam, Reference: File No." (space left blank) "To be quoted in all communications."

"The enclosure was received in this office and opened in error."

"Any inconvenience caused in this matter is regretted."

"Yours faithfully,

"J. W. HUGHES, Federal Deputy Commissioner of Taxation. Per: (Initials)."

Fragile, with care

AMELBOURNE couple we know were summoned recently to take delivery of their long-awaited new car.

As, with great excitement, they drove out of the motor showrooms, a few spots of rain dropped on the shining bonnet. They exchanged one wild glance, and the husband backed the car smartly into the showrooms again.

They returned home to the suburbs by tram. The car was collected next day when the sun shone once more.

Fido's fads

AN interior decorator tells us that he often finds customers who attach more importance to the likes and dislikes of their pets than to their own preferences or those of their families.

Charming patterns of chintzes and linens are discarded because they're considered unsuitable backgrounds for Pekes, Poms, and Persians, or because such pets are allergic to certain colors or designs.

Some animal lovers go so far as to "build" their color schemes round their pets.

One customer, he told us, would not allow him to measure a chair for a cover because her cat was asleep on it and could not be disturbed. He had to measure a similar chair elsewhere!

Indian princess

RESIDENTS of Marville Road, Fulham, London, didn't realise until after she had gone that for a fortnight a princess had been living among them.

She is the beautiful blonde Princess Abbess of Bahawalpur, Pakistan, formerly Kathie, daughter of Mrs. Amelia Scott, who lives in Marville Road.

Last year, when Kathie was 17, she was studying in a charm school for beauty culture beginners. In September she met and married the young Indian prince, son of the wealthy Nawab of Bahawalpur.

"The reason people in the district didn't see Kathie was because she wanted the visit to be quiet," Mrs. Scott said.

"She loves both the people and the country of Pakistan. She has a life of leisure and is quite happy."



"Actually we don't need Pearson out there any more, but we can't get his pin loose."

In the mood

FORMER London dance-band leader Jack Geller tells us that any good band must be able to play all types of dance music, because the mood of dancers, in both nightclubs and public halls, varies astonishingly from night to night.

Jack, who arrived in Australia recently with his wife, Pearl, and two children, now leads a new band at Romano's nightclub, Sydney.

He has played in a number of popular English bands, including those led by Carol Gibbons, Ambrose, and Victor Sylvester. He also had his own band, which played regularly over the B.B.C.

"Until dancers are actually on the floor you can never be sure what they want," he said. "One night you might get a quick-step crowd, the next rumba and samba lovers and perhaps the third night they'll be slow, dreamy dancers."

"The Saturday night crowd is the only one you can be sure of. It's always good and lively."

Although he always "plays to the dancers," Jack likes Latin-American music. A songwriter and composer, he has written several numbers of this type including his signature tune, "Green Cockatoo."

A slight, amiable man, with very blue eyes, Jack was born at Bondi, Sydney, but went to England with his parents at six years old. This is his first visit back.

He describes himself as "completely sold on Australian cities, particularly that fascinating little Adelaide."

He is convinced that the pace of Sydney is nearly as fast as that of New York, and for this reason he hopes to buy a house in one of the outlying suburbs.

"**NUREMBERG DIARY**," by G. M. Gilbert, an American psychologist, is one of the books most in demand at London libraries. It is a study of the Nazi war criminals during their trial. Librarians are interested in its popularity, because for the past year so few readers have asked for books on subjects even remotely connected with the war.

Fried butterflies

MRS. GERTRUDE WEISS, a Melbourne handbag designer, is back from a buying trip which hurried her from Australia to Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Dublin, Paris, and London.

She returned with the conviction that in South America there is more luxury than anywhere in the world.

South American señoritas have adopted the long skirts, and wear exotically plumaged hats with sooty black dresses. Their jewels and rich furs contribute to the over-all picture of luxury.

Australia is almost unheard of, and one South American newspaper related that the national dish is "Fried Butterflies."

Mrs. Weiss regrets that the unbelievable glitter of the Latin countries can't be duplicated here, but intends that some of the bags, at least, will be.

Sausages for the Sepik

RUNNING an air freight service in New Guinea is as simple and prosaic as running a mail bus in the country, according to Bobby Gibbs, well-known air ace, now manager of Gibbs' Sepik Airways, operating from Wewak.

The bi-weekly mail run from Wewak to Lae and return and the daily runs from Wewak to Madang and return provide little excitement, Mr. Gibbs told us while on a visit to Melbourne with his wife, the former Jean Ince.

Where there are airstrips he lands. For the lonely administration outposts in deep jungle gullies or mountain ranges he drops the mail and stores overboard.

The freight he carries to Sepik River outposts might be anything from a bundle of books to a pound or two of sausages from the Madang freezer—not very good freight for dropping purposes, he admits.

Sometimes even the best-packed bundle will burst open on landing, distributing sausages from one end of a plantation to another.

However, the recipients of the parcels are generally on the lookout for his arrival, and accidents of this kind are few.

While her husband and his staff fly stores to inaccessible places, Mrs. Gibbs copes with housekeeping problems in their Wewak home.

Main household worries are training the native houseboys and dealing with recurrent shortages of essential foodstuffs such as flour.

"On the whole we have a very good supply and variety of food," she said, "but it's always something really necessary that runs short."

Wewak housewives have to be their own bakers—or train their cookboys to be bakers—but their meat supplies come regularly by air from the freezer at Madang.

"Our Wewak garden provides all the tropic vegetables and fruits, with native beans and tomatoes, marrows and melons that we can use," said Mrs. Gibbs.

"But our best garden is going to be 1600ft. up at Mt. Hagen, where the climate's perfect, and where we hope to grow all kinds of temperate climate things, including real potatoes."

"That'll be a wonderful change from the common sweet potato which is all we can grow now."

Beekeepers' long trek

MIGRATORY beekeepers Richard Whiting and Frank Armstrong and their families have arrived at Manjimup, in Western Australia, after a 2400-mile trek from New South Wales.

They backed a hunch that this year the huge tract of almost virgin karri forest in that district will blossom in profusion.

Known as the "Yeovalanders" because they came from Yeoval, N.S.W., they were the subject last year of a story in The Australian Women's Weekly.

At that time they were in South Australia, about to cross the Nullarbor Plain.

Now a correspondent from Manjimup has written bringing us up to date on their activities. They had spent nearly a year in the mallee country around Lake Grace, Western Australia, before they came to Manjimup, 200 miles from Perth. Their convoy, with its caravans and lorries, caused great excitement in the little town.

They have 1600 hives, and if the season comes up to expectations they can expand to 2000 hives. Mr. Whiting has invented a machine with which he can cut, assemble, and trim 500 hives in one working day from pine that he brought with him.

At Manjimup they have a million acres of forest at their disposal, and besides the karri blossoms there are wildflowers that abound throughout the forests.

IT SEEMS TO ME

—by—

Dorothy Drain

Traditionally the spring Makes poets sing. And though I do not claim A poet's name

But merely to write verse, Or, maybe, worse, This seems the time To concentrate on rhyme, Or possibly, with more felicity, I could turn out a little piece that's free.

Here goes, Who knows?

Now is the merry time of year That tempts one not to read the papers,

And thus avoid the daily fear Of giving way to craven vapors. At news of skirmishes and war Which make one drearily remember Here is the mixture as before That marked another bright September . . .

Let's fly to some deserted beach And put ourselves beyond the reach Of news, or phone, or radio, And yet, on cogitation, no . . .

I think that one would feel regret To miss the madness and diversions (Besides the forecast, fine or wet, And statesmen's mutual aspirations),

Of how an ancient man declares That all our woes are due to flats, And that a British millionaire's Life hobby is concerned with rats. And though I care not one iota It's nice to read, amid the flurry, About a man from Minnesota Who says that cows and horses worry.

Perhaps it's a trifle out of date, But I cannot forbear to state That Mrs. Fanny Blankers-Koen Undoubtedly gets on.

AND Count Bernadotte Has an unenviable lot . . .

A lady of fashion and taste Desired a 20-inch waist, Tried corsets and diet, Alas, now she's quiet, She fixed it with scissors and paste.

Sometimes One is tempted to experiment In the modern manner.

Something like: "The clanging trams along the street "Remind me "Of meringues." This may be unintelligible to you, It is a little vague to me, too. I'd call it art, if I had the face, But it's a marvellous way of filling space.

Snowdrops In the shops, Magyar sleeves, No knees, New leaves On the trees . . . Still not gay? Come, relax! Soon you'll pay Less tax.



"He wasn't so hard to find. We just asked ourselves where we'd go if we had expense in our pockets—and there he was!"

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored
pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. A new clue in their
search for the pearls leads them to the Land
of the Giants, where their yacht is seen by
THE COLOSSUS: Unbelievably huge giant of

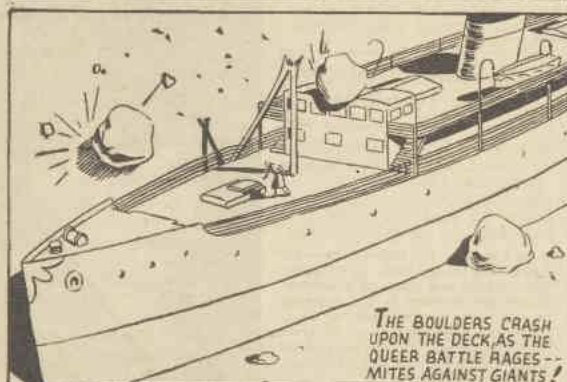
the island. He is taking the yacht home as
a present for his child when two other Colossi
attack and overcome him. They then set
about building a huge bonfire round the Argos
so that they can melt it down to make
weapons. The crew jump from the doomed
yacht, while Mandrake tries to hold the Colossi
off with dynamite. NOW READ ON:



MANDRAKE HURLS THE DYNAMITE, STICK AFTER STICK--THEY EXPLODE LIKE HUGE FIRE-CRACKERS ABOUT THE LEGS OF THE SURPRISED GIANTS---



HELD OFF BY THE DYNAMITE STICKS THROWN BY A MAN NO BIGGER THAN THEIR THUMBS, THE ANGRY GIANTS RETREAT TO A SAFE DISTANCE, THEN BEGIN TO STONE THE YACHT. . . .



THE BOULDERS CRASH UPON THE DECK AS THE QUEER BATTLE RAGES--MITES AGAINST GIANTS!



HURRIEDLY, MANDRAKE HANDS THE DYNAMITE CHARGES TO A SAILOR, WHILE HE LOWERS AN ACETYLENE TORCH TO LOTHAR, AS ALL FACE DEATH FROM THE HUGE FLYING BOULDERS--



THEN, THEY RUSH TO THE FRIENDLY COLOSSUS, WHO HAD BEEN FELLED BY THE TWO UGLY GIANTS--MANDRAKE FEELS THEIR ONLY HOPE RESTS IN HIM. . .



THERE, THEY SEE AN AWESOME SIGHT: THE FALLEN COLOSSUS LIES HELPLESS--PANTHERS, LOOKING LIKE MICE, CROUCH NEAR HIM; VULTURES, LIKE HUGE MOSQUITOES, WHEEL OVER HIM--ALL READY TO TEAR THIS MOUNTAIN OF FLESH APART--



LOTHAR RUSHES AT THE PANTHERS, HIS SPEAR ACCOUNTING FOR SEVERAL--THEN HIS SPEAR IS LOST--AND HE USES HIS MIGHTY FIST--



CLIMBING UPON THE HELPLESS COLOSSUS, MANDRAKE ATTACKS THE FEROCIOUS VULTURES, DRIVING THEM AWAY--

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★ ★ ★ Life With Father

WHILE we do not sigh for a return to the 1880's, when the head of the household was regarded as being almost omnipotent, we can chuckle with wholesome amusement at a film which re-creates those days for us.

Such a story is Warners' "Life With Father" (in technicolor), which stars William Powell and Irene Dunne, and is showing at the Century.

For eight years, "Father" ram-paged and roared on the New York stage to the delight of theatre audiences, and his film life should be proportionately successful.

Oddly enough, the casualness of the story, which deals only with a few simple episodes in the Day family life, is the core of its charm.

Warners' paid a fabulous sum for the film rights of the play, and the closest care has gone into the production of it.

The cluttered-up home of the 1880's with its vases, mirrors, tassels, and whatnots, looks charming enough in color to make us forget how difficult it must have been to manage.

While timid housemaids literally quailed before Father's eagle eye and stentorian voice, and his four redheaded sons were kept well under his thumb, Mamma, with beautiful feminine guile and instinct, put Father well in his place whenever she felt he really deserved it.

Our old friend William Powell has a gorgeous time playing Father. Not for one second does he step out of character.

He is the essence of outraged dignity when asked by an employment agency to establish the credentials of his home after engaging a house-maid.

"Madam, I am the character of my home," says Father with a glare.

When being lagged by his wife to rectify the omission of his childhood baptism, Father snorts with rage at the idea.

"Would you keep me out of heaven on a technicality?" he asks.

More fine acting

NEXT to William Powell comes Irene Dunne's portrayal of Mrs. Day.

Her elementary ideas on finance are equalled only by her skill in managing Father with gentle determination.

When Winnie Day makes up her mind to anything, Father hasn't a chance in the world of getting his own way.

The very lightness of touch of Irene Dunne's acting only makes the character of Winnie more noticeable, and she looks serenely lovely in the bustling costumes of the period.

The four sons have been well chosen, especially the gap-toothed youngest--an individualist in any era.

It is good to see Zasu Pitts return to the screen as Aunt Cora, and to see that her touch is as deft as before in portraying a garrulous, dithery type.

Elizabeth Taylor emerges from childhood as a beautiful and capable young player in the part of Mary, the demure Methodist object of Clarence Junior's Episcopalian puppy love.

A beautifully adequate musical score compiled by Max Steiner provides a background which adds to the enjoyment, while it never becomes obtrusive.

"Life With Father" well deserves its place on the growing list of recent first-class film comedies.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Designers busy with clothes for Royal tour



THE QUEEN and Princess Margaret attend a wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Field, London, shortly before leaving for their holiday in Scotland.



AS AUSTRALIANS WILL SEE THEM. Happy picture of the King and Queen acknowledging the crowd's welcome at Royal Ascot recently.

Princess Margaret hoping for lots of dances

The Royal Family are having a thorough rest during their holiday in Scotland to prepare for their arduous tour of Australia and New Zealand next year.

With Princess Margaret, the King and Queen have gone over every detail in their itinerary for the tour that will take them away from England for seven months.

NOW that the tour plans are completed, Norman Hartnell will start on the clothes he will make for the Queen and Princess Margaret to take with them.

He will visit the Queen at Balmoral during the summer holiday there and most of the sketches will be submitted and approved so that, holidays over, his workrooms will get into full production.

Miss Florence Ford, Australian-born dressmaker to the Princesses since they were little girls, still makes a great number of their clothes, and many of the important dresses for official occasions will come from her Albermarle Street salon.

The first frocks for Australia have been delivered and are being worn by Princess Margaret at Balmoral.

Princess Margaret, who loves clothes, has had the light summer frocks for informal days and picnics in Australia made early and delivered first so that she can have some wear from them this summer in England.

None of the dresses will be seen at public functions before she leaves and she is wearing each once or twice at most so that they will still be new.

Princess Margaret is planning her entire wardrobe herself.

Less restricted than Elizabeth in choice of colors, she will include daffodil-yellow, pale green, and many figured prints in pretty flower designs.

Some of her frocks will be in the new English cottons that are so popular for dinner and cocktail wear this summer in London.

Princess Margaret is taking some very pretty jewellery with her.

Most of it will be antique jewellery in old and attractive settings. She has already started collections of semi-precious stones, old-fashioned cameos, and rings, some of which will be worn in Australia.

A Royal tour is one of the best tonic to the British fashion trade, and once again textile manufacturers are spinning and weaving, dyeing, and designing new materials for the Queen and for Princess Margaret, so that their frocks and the materials will be a shop window for Britain's export drive.

Most important dress in the Queen's wardrobe, of course, will be the one she will wear to accompany the King when he opens Parliament.

While Norman Hartnell, the Queen's dressmaker, embarks on yet another Royal wardrobe, the King's tailor and valet will be busy.

In Australia the King hopes to enjoy some sporting and outdoor life. Such a long tour calls for many short rest periods, and in these the King hopes to play golf, go shooting, learn surfboard riding, and go riding.

So the King's wardrobe (which is carefully catalogued by his valet who carries the "key" always in his hip pocket) will be a sporting one as well as a formal one.

Formal clothes, in fact, will be the smallest items in his luggage.

Young people's dances are expected to figure frequently on the tour itinerary.

For Princess Margaret loves to dance, and the King and Queen love nothing better than to drop in from some more formal function and spend an hour or so watching their daughter with her friends.

Though the Princess waltzes, and is nearly as adept at Highland dancing as Princess Elizabeth, she really loves a rumba and a samba.

No young man chosen to partner the Princess need worry that he will be expected to know more than modern dance steps.

I have heard a terrified young guardaman finding only a "Polka" left on Margaret's programme stammer out, "But I'm afraid I can't. Ma'am."

To which Margaret replied: "Neither would I if I hadn't been made to, let's do something else in polka time."

While Senator John Armstrong and Sir Alan Lascelles, the King's private secretary, drafted the plans

for the tour, Princess Margaret made a few of her own.

"I'm so fascinated by your Australian aboriginal names," she told me, "that I'm longing to see if the places are as I imagine them."

But the Princess is finding many of the place-names such tongue-twisters that she confessed to me, "They all sound like boogie-woogie at first."

However, with a guide to the meanings of aboriginal names, as well as a phonetic spelling and pronunciation worked out for her, Princess Margaret is making good progress.

And the inclusion of the Great Barrier Reef in the itinerary may be due to the fascination it has for the Princess, who said to me, "It must be satisfied somehow."

For Princess Margaret the holiday

at Balmoral will be a particularly quiet break, for the King is anxious—and indeed has commanded—that she shall build up her reserves of energy for what will be the most strenuous tour she has undertaken.

At Coventry six Daimler cars are being built for the tour. In Birmingham, medal and souvenir manufacturers are working to full capacity on orders for reproductions of Royal Arms and Australian Coats of Arms as well as portraits, crowns, and all these mementoes that are cherished.

Princess Margaret has followed the Old Vic's tour with the greatest interest, for, apart from being an Olivier fan, she shares their taste for unusual little animals.

By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff



PRIVATE SECRETARY to the King, Sir Alan Lascelles, who will accompany the Royal party.

CROSSWORD No. 1 RESULTS

Winner of the first prize in our crossword puzzle competition—Crossword No. 1—is Mr. R. McPhee, head of the buying department of a Sydney hardware firm.

MR. MCPHEE'S entry was the first correct one opened among 7000 entries. Second and third prizes—given in the panel at right—went to Perth and Victoria.

"That's very nice," said Mr. McPhee when we telephoned him at his city office. "I've been doing crosswords for years—all I can lay my hands on—but this is the first time I've won a prize."

A returned soldier from World War I, Mr. McPhee first started doing crosswords when they became a craze back in the 'twenties.

"I used to buy books of them," he said.

Mr. McPhee doesn't like puzzles that are too easy, thinks these are just right.

"They are really entertaining," he says.

Sometimes Mr. McPhee asks for suggestions from his wife and two sons. His eldest son, a 19-year-old schoolteacher, who is an evening student at the University, gives some useful help.

The younger one, aged ten, also volunteers plenty of suggestions.

"But naturally they're not often right," said Mr. McPhee.

Mrs. McPhee doesn't do many crosswords herself. But she is accustomed to being asked, "What's a word of seven letters beginning with T?"

"And sometimes I hit on the right answer," she says.

Mr. McPhee says she will have the spending of the £10 prize. "She looks after those things," he said. "Besides, it's Father's Day soon."

If we needed any further assurance that as many men as women read *The Australian Women's Weekly* we have it from our crossword contest.

At least half of the 7000-odd entries for the first one were from men.

With the entries were numbers of letters complimenting us on adding a crossword to the paper.

A few readers wrote or telephoned to say that they could not understand the clues. One went so far as to write to Mr. Lindsay Parker, who devises them, and suggest that he try his hand at modern poetry.

However, Mr. Parker also received several letters congratulating him on the ingenuity and interest of the puzzles.

For the benefit of those who like doing crosswords but are accustomed only to the kind that gives a simple synonym for a clue, here is an example.

Take 31 across. The clue was "Strip editor turns to the illegal bookmaker and gives him the oil."

The answer is "despoil." "Strip" gives the clue to the whole word.

"Editor turns" is "ed" turned, making "de." "Illegal bookmaker" is "s.p." "Gives him the oil" means that "oil" is added after "s.p."

In our crossword contests, which are conducted every week, readers

PRIZES

£10: Mr. R. McPhee,
9 Mintaro Avenue,
Strathfield, N.S.W.

£5: Mrs. W. Townsend,
56 Victoria Street, West
Perth, W.A.

£2: Mr. W. S. James,
179 Napier Street, Essen-
don, W5, Victoria.

from all States have an equal chance. Prizes are awarded to the first correct entries opened, but none is opened until after the closing date.

This week's is on page 26.

Readers should not include anything in their envelopes except their entry and name and address.

Following are the answers to Crossword No. 1. In some cases the words are dissected to show how the clues work.

- ACROSS
1-Rioters. 2-War-lock (raw). 3-From 31st. 10-Sham-poo (1). 11-Noah. 12-Angle. 13-Loek. 14-Bread-neught. 15-Bad. 16-Dea. 17-Corporation. 18-Spl. 19-Ideal. 20-Spot (tops). 21-Or-vie-to. 22-Centaur (hidden). 23-De-spoil (ed turned). 24-Mars-hal.
DOWN
1-De, Re, d. 2-Ope-rate. 3-Easy. 4-Set. 5-Wash-ing s-oda (sod). 6-Roar. 7-1st Op-press. 8-Knock up. 9-Scoured wool. 10-Ed, c, t. 11-A (the said). 12-Di-mor-d. 13-Thieves. 14-In-pear. 15-Natural. 16-Repo. 17-Over. 18-Cam. 19-Anagram.

COOKERY CONTEST

DETAILS of our £2000 cookery contest are on page 24. Progress prizes, page 33.



HOME AGAIN. Mrs. Gregory Blasland and her daughter Antonia, who return in the Stratheden after seven months abroad in England, and on the Continent. Mrs. Blasland came to Sydney by plane from Fremantle, Antonia continued on by ship.



FOR ENGLAND. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Buckingham, who are on their way to England and Europe in the Athenic. The trip will combine business and pleasure, and they hope to visit America before returning to Australia.

Intimate Gittings

BLUE satin garter trimmed with lace and orange blossom to wear with wedding frock is pretty gift to Governor-General's daughter, Patricia McKell, who decides on St. Swithin's Church of England, Pymble, for her marriage to Brian Lucas.

Bride chooses ballerina-length Italian brocade frock in duck-egg-blue worn with pale pink toque, which is trimmed with a flower and veiling to match her gown.

A pale pink tulle miff and silver sandals complete bridal ensemble. Only close friends and relatives invited to ceremony which the Rev. C. A. Baker is asked to perform.

Other guests are invited to reception at Admiralty House, where the Governor-General, Mr. McKell, and Mrs. McKell receive their guests with bridegroom's mother, Mrs. C. Lucas, of Cammeray.

Pat's sister Betty chooses for her bridesmaid's gown a ballerina-length mauve taffeta frock with a sheer overskirt of oyster pure silk georgette. Mauve mittens and matching mauve feather halo with a posy of mauve and blue flowers are accessories.

Brian, who is third year medical student, met Pat three years ago when he was in the A.I.F. and Pat was driver in the A.W.A.S.



TOAST TO NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Toyne and Mrs. Orsen Nielsen drink toast to U.S. Vice-Consul Herbert Gordon and his bride, formerly Helen Watson, of Canada, who held position of Canadian Film Officer before marriage.



WED AT ALL SAINTS. Kendal Binna and his bride, formerly Margaret Langley, only child of Mr. and Mrs. King Langley, of Langley Vale, Tarce, leave All Saints', Woolahra, after ceremony. Kendal is only son of the Oswald Binns', of Bondi.



ENGLISH WEDDING. Alan Dawson and his pretty Australian bride, Nea Bonfield, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bonfield, of Naremburn, leave St. John's Church, Kensington, London. Nea met Alan during war, when he was lieutenant-commander with R.N.V.R.



NOVEMBER BRIDE. Helen Baldock and fiancé Gordon Bettington, of Terrangong, Merriwa, photographed at Helen's home at Darling Point, when Gordon comes down from country for celebration parties. Helen is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Baldock, of Darling Point.



BALLERINA WED. Lovely Sally Gilmore, prima ballerina of Ballet Rambert, after wedding to Dr. Allan Wynn, of Melbourne, with attendants (left to right) Mrs. Victor Wynn, Mrs. David Wynn, ballerina Margaret Scott of Ballet Rambert, and little Eva and Michael Wynn.

BRIEFLY: Off to England on the 15th of this month, Marie Livingston lunches at Romano's with Joyce Hall, when she comes down from Newcastle for the day for spring fittings. . . . Jean and Graham Pratten off to country home, Blarney, Bathurst, with daughter Jill for school holidays. . . . Strawberry bombe à la Gleneagles is served at farewell dinner party given by Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier before they fly off to Brisbane. The Daryl Lindsays, of Melbourne, George Relf and his wife, Mercia Swinburne, in party. . . . Friends of John and Thelma Annesley admire decoration of new home, "Sunnylands," Glenorie. Thelma has walls painted soft lime-green, and blends lovely old antique with soft chintz. . . . Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mack have sold station property, Roydon, Hillston, and have moved to Victoria, where they expect to buy a property. Mr. Mack was former president of the Lachlan Picnic Race Club, and is now honorary life member.

COCKTAILS in stateroom before Orion sails gives opportunity for friends of the Stewart Wilsons to wish newlyweds "all the best" before they leave on honeymoon in Colombo. Before marriage Mrs. Wilson was Marjorie Youl, only daughter of the R. Youl, of Red Hill, Tamworth. Couple will make home at The Glen, Ballista, when they return.

LOVELY gowns worn by guests at dance given by the Governor and Mrs. Northcott at Government House. Party is for young friends of their daughter Elizabeth. Noticed Betty Field in sapphire velvet, sequin studded; Dorothea Darvall in white bouffant dress with alternating bands of marquisette and broderie anglaise in the skirt; Fiona Knox in black net over taffeta. Mrs. Ken Bieri, formerly Annette Stogdale, wore her wedding gown of peach satin, heavily encrusted round neckline with pearls and beading.

SONG title "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun," from the show, "Annie Get Your Gun," at the Theatre Royal, certainly lures P.M. Ben Chiffley, as he has seen show three times in Melbourne, and says he intends to catch up with it again in Sydney. Star Evie Hayes and cast thrilled at being in Sydney at long last after run of more than a year in other States.

HONEYMOON at Yamba and now at Maitland for Margaret and Russell Ellice-Flint, who were married at St. Matthew's, Manly, recently. Margaret is elder daughter of the F. C. H. Gibsons, of Balgowlah. Russell is attached to Permanent Army and expects to leave shortly to do a school in Victoria. He hopes his bride will be able to accompany him if accommodation is available.

SEPTEMBER brides are Janet Hulbert and Thea Hilton Smith. Janet has chosen St. Philip's, Church Hill, for her marriage to Ron Kemp this Wednesday. Janet is the only daughter of the B. V. Hulberts, of Rose Bay, and Ron is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kemp, of Western Australia.

Other bride-to-be, Thea Hilton Smith, will marry Dr. Joseph Robillard at St. Bede's, Drummoyno, on September 13. Thea is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Hilton Smith and the late Dr. Hilton Smith, of Drummoyno.

HISTORICAL interest when Mary Piper, daughter of the David Pipers, of Westbourne, Eglinton, via Bathurst, marries Colin Cannons at St. Michael and St. John's Cathedral.

Mary is the youngest great-granddaughter of Captain Piper, and her name, Westbourne, was transferred to Captain Piper by W. C. Westwood in part payment for Vancluse House, in 1845.

Colin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cannons, of Inverell.

Joyce

ANOTHER 64 BIG PAGES . . . PACKED WITH
READING..COLOR..PICTURES

FOR
ALL
THE
FAMILY

★ Here are some of the
features you get in this
month's "A.M." Australia's
greatest reading value

Sport!

"Little Boats." Ocean racing is a hard and often dangerous sport . . . but the yachtsmen love it. Here's why!

"It Wasn't All Easy." Jim Ferrier, champion Australian golfer, tells how to get into the big U.S. money . . . and what it takes to stay there.

"This Tour Is Tough." Vic Thicknesse—former international—tells the less glamorous side of a Rugby League Tour in England.

"A Piece of Steak," by Jack London. A famous fight story which has been out of print

for over 30 years. London wrote this in Sydney in 1908.

Fiction!

"The Dear, Dead Past," by A. A. Milne. His latest story. This great author at his best on a blackmailer and a 40-years-old "crime."

"Sleepwalker." Lawrence G. Blockman brings Dr. Dan Coffee back to work on a gripping murder case. Remember him in "A.M.'s" first issue?

"Ginger." Australian writer of animal stories, Harry Lamond, tells the engaging tale of a well-fed house-cat "gone bush."

Articles!

"Coal to Burn." Why must Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide's home comfort and industry be constantly at the mercy of power rationing? Blair Athol open-cut mine, Queensland, has 200,000,000 tons of coal awaiting transport! "A.M.'s" 5-page story with color-pictures brings you the full story of Blair Athol.

"Do You Drink?" Alcohol is not a stimulant, doesn't make you fat, doesn't cure colds! Here's what Australians do with alcohol—and what it does to them.

"They Learn About Sex." The State's attitude to sex classes for engaged couples?

Color-picture Features!

"You Can Be Well-Dressed." Frank McNamara, noted Sydney water colorist, shows men how to dress to suit their build—and personality.

"An Artist Who's Not Afraid of Color." Brilliant rotogravure reproductions of Australian paintings by Weaver Hawkins—one specially presented for you to frame.

"Dance L'Ag 'Ya." A vivid picture of West Indian folk dancers—a high art with a shrewd sense of theatre.

"Our Amazing New Armadillos." Biological puzzle comes to Australia for the first time.

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SEPTEMBER A.M.

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HANDING back the bracelet, Sally said, "Don't ask me, I only supply the tip." The fine silver chains tinkled against the small silver animals attached to the bracelet, and Jerry looked at it wonderingly. Sally left him with his thoughts.

Some hours later Jerry left his car in the bush and walked to Sir Hugh's home.

Apparently most of the police guard had been removed, and except for one light in the library the house was in darkness.

Jerry looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. Securing a foothold in the thick, old ivy, he climbed to the top of the wall, and then sprang to the ground on the other side.

Cautiously he made a tour of the grounds, and was just beginning to feel pleased with his success when he heard the squeak of a hinge. He ducked behind a small shrub as a side door opened, and the butler and Barbara Axton appeared.

"I'm not imagining things," she said. "I heard something down here."

"If you ask me, you're behaving very strangely. What's on your mind?"

"It's that newspaper reporter who was here this morning. He asked me what I was looking for out there in the garden."

"You should have called me when you found he was still in the room. But you didn't tell him what you were looking for, did you?"

"No, but he suspected something, and I'm afraid I did something foolish. You see, I tried to shoot him. It's uncanny how he knew, but just as I pulled the gun out of the desk drawer he turned and grabbed my wrist."

"You little fool," Rutledge answered angrily. "Now he is sus-

Continuing . . . The Silver Bracelet

from page 7

picious. You can never depend on a woman to keep her head."

"You had better be careful, Rutledge," Barbara warned, "you haven't got what you want yet, and remember you're not the only one after it."

"I beg your pardon, Barbara dear—forgive me."

Ah-hah! Jerry thought. So Barbara imagines herself in love with this piece of cold fish. He could see them as they stood in a close embrace.

"I'm glad Philip went to bed early to-night," Barbara sighed. "He can be so trying at times."

They went back again through the same door.

Giving them only a few moments, Jerry followed them through this door, and found himself in a sun lounge. Then cautiously he made his way through the house until he found what he hoped to be Barbara's bedroom. Taking his gun in one hand, he switched on the light with the other.

"Good evening," he said. "You don't look as though you expect a very good night's sleep." Barbara lay fully dressed on her bed.

"I don't, as a matter of fact," she replied as she sat up and swung her legs over the side of the bed.

"How's that?"

"I guessed you'd turn up again somewhere." She seemed quite controlled and unafraid. "What do you want?"

"As a matter of fact, I don't want anything," Jerry answered pleasantly. "On the contrary, I've brought you something." Reaching into his pocket, he produced the bracelet.

Barbara snatched it from his outstretched hand, her eyes blazing

with suspicion and anger. "Where did you get this? And how do you know it's mine?"

"If you must know," Jerry replied easily, "though I think you're making a lot of fuss about nothing—I found it under the table in the smoking-room while I was waiting there this morning. And since you're the only girl in the house, why shouldn't I think it was yours?"

"I apologise," she said, more quietly. "I am ungrateful, but this is one of the things I treasure. My father gave it to me for my birthday only a few weeks ago, and it's the only present, apart from money, that he ever gave me."

"That's ok," Jerry grinned. "You

deliberately shoot him. But you did not know that your father also told Jenkins the secret, did you, Barbara? Just as he did not know that even Jenkins was not to be trusted."

"He was about to give the information away when I—unfortunately—had to prevent him from betraying his trust."

"So it was you who killed Jenkins," Rutledge said. "Your looks are deceiving—I would not have given you credit for being so observant. Perhaps we could come to some arrangement."

"I think I will," Philip said calmly. "I think I'll kill you right now."

"That wouldn't be very wise, Philip." The three looked up startled as Jerry entered the room, carelessly fingering his gun.

Rutledge was the first to recover. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Oh, just a friendly visit, I called on Barbara first to return her bracelet, and then, as I expected, she hurried along to tell you. So then I thought Philip might as well know, so I awakened him."

"You meddling fool," Rutledge shouted. "But you'll be sorry you ever meddled in this house. I warned you."

"And I'm warning you, Rutledge—don't reach for that revolver," Jerry said quickly. "I think you can come out now. Inspector, there's not much more you can learn in that position."

The Inspector and a stenographer emerged from behind the draperies. "You made a very good job of that, Mr. Clark," the Inspector said. He turned to the prisoners. "I may tell you that the safe was opened, and its contents safely placed in the right hands about three hours ago."

Our Cover

OUR cover this week is a color photograph by Robert Cleland of Lady Olivier at a camellia show in Sydney.

The camellias in the picture were grown by Professor and Mrs. E. Waterhouse, and include Incarnata, or Lady Hume's Blush, which was imported from China 100 years ago; Virginia Franco Rosea, a soft pink roseette; Dionisia Ponopowsky, white with fluted petals; and Magnolia Flora.

The camellia decorating the box is Eugenie de Nassenau.

gave me a break this morning, anyway. If it hadn't been for you going for a stroll, I would never have got in. So long."

He slipped out the door, switching off the light as he went. Then taking refuge in the heavy draperies in the hallway he waited for the result of his visit.

He had not long to wait. About five minutes after he had left her room, Barbara emerged and stole along the corridor to the end room. Here she knocked softly and was presently on her way back past Jerry, accompanied by Rutledge. They went halfway down the hall and entered another room.

Jerry slipped from his hiding-place, entered another bedroom, and without switching on the light, called: "Mr. Celton! Are you awake, sir?"

The figure stirred on the bed. "Huh! What is it?"

"Miss Barbara would like to see you, sir."

"All right—thank you, Rutledge," Jerry went out of the room and back to his draperies.

Meanwhile, Philip Celton had visited Barbara's room, and then continued hurriedly down the hall to where a thin blade of light shone beneath a door. Again Jerry slipped out of his hiding-place, and, keeping close to the wall, followed him.

When Philip reached the door, Jerry was just behind him as he opened it and surprised the pair kneeling before the safe.

"So," Philip breathed softly, his right hand holding a gun pointed ominously in their direction. "So you would double-cross me, Barbara! You lost the secret bracelet, but you promised faithfully you would give me the formula when it was found. And I was fool enough to advance you all that money. But you won't get away with it, either of you."

Barbara made as though to rise. "Please try to understand, Philip

"I understand perfectly everything which has been going on right under my nose, including your affair with that fool by your side. Oh, yes, Rutledge, but I don't want her. I only became engaged to her because her father made such a fuss about it, and I couldn't afford to fall out with him. So, when I've got what I want, you can have her."

"You—you'll never get the formula, Celton, or whatever your name is, because the first move you make, I'll turn this combination round, and we'll all go. Or didn't you know that?" Rutledge said.

"Oh yes, I knew that, too. In fact, I heard Sir Hugh explain it to his daughter when he told her the value of the bracelet. Then I saw her come back ten minutes later and

IT was very late

when Jerry knocked at Sally's front door, but she was waiting for him with hot coffee and delicious sandwiches.

"You know," he said, "I think I'll marry you, Sally, before someone else discovers just what a marvel you are."

"That's what you say every time you have a successful case," Sally said. "What happened?"

When Jerry had told her his story Sally said, "But, Jerry, how did the safe unlock? I mean, where did you find the combination?"

Jerry pulled the bracelet from his pocket and handed it to her. "Here it is. You see those fine chains leading from the centre of the lock. And those small animals. Well, the combination begins from the right. You count the number of links from the centre of the lock to the dog there on the right. There are seven links. That means seven to the right."

"Then you count from the left-hand side to the cat. That's nine to the left, and so on. Where there are two animals of the same kind together, that means instead of going back to the other side you turn another number on the same side. Do you understand?"

"However did you guess it, Jerry?" "The interest Barbara showed in the missing object tipped me off. Then while I was waiting for it to get dark this afternoon, I sat down and puzzled it out. It was a risk, but we took it, and we were right."

"Oh, Jerry, you might have been killed."

"Well, don't tell me it would have bothered you if I had?"

"Of course it would. I wouldn't have been able to wear the new frock I bought to wear to Dusky's to-morrow night."

"Women!" sighed Jerry, as he reached for his hat.

(Copyright)

The Awakening *by DAL*



A WALLFLOWER AT DANCES



SNUBBED AT PARTIES



EVERY DATE—A FLOP



THEN SHE TRIED LIFEBOUY

Don't let "B.O." cheat you of romance! Lifebouy, with its special health ingredient, gives lasting, all-over protection from "B.O."



AND GOT A NEW SLANT ON LIFE!

W.251.VVV.42

He never enjoyed his tea



till he tasted **Brisk Lipton's!**



"Good?" Why it was like tasting tea for the first time," he cried, savouring that rich Lipton flavour.

Housewives all over the country are changing to "Brisk" Lipton Tea. Brisk? "Brisk" is the tea expert's word for the rich, full-bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's skilful blending.

LIPTON TEA

Brisk flavour—

NEVER FLAT!



L. 764.82

MONEY-MAKING

QUIZ

for Holders of

COMMONWEALTH BONDS AND INSCRIBED STOCK

Your income may be affected shortly unless you know the full meaning of the words "Maturity" and "Conversion" as applied to Commonwealth Bonds and Stock. All the information you need is here. Read it carefully—NOW!



Unless You Know the Answers to these Questions You May Miss Valuable Payouts!

QUESTION: What is meant by "maturity"?

ANSWER: Each series of Commonwealth Bonds and Stock pays interest for a certain number of years—3, 5, 7, 10, 12 years, etc., depending on the terms of each particular Loan. When the specified number of years has elapsed, the security is said to have "matured."

QUESTION: What happens on "maturity"?

ANSWER: Interest on your Bonds or Stock ceases. You may apply to have your money repaid to you, or you may "convert" your Bonds or Inscribed Stock into a new issue.

QUESTION: What is meant by "convert"?

ANSWER: To convert means to exchange your maturing securities for new ones.

QUESTION: Which Commonwealth securities are about to mature?

ANSWER: During September and October, 1948, the following six issues of Commonwealth Bonds and Inscribed Stock will mature: 2½% Bonds and Inscribed Stock (issued in 1943—three issues), maturing on September 13, 1948.

3% Bonds and Inscribed Stock (issued in 1934), maturing on October 15, 1948.

3½% Bonds and Inscribed Stock (issued in 1934), maturing on October 15, 1948.

3½% Bonds and Inscribed Stock (issued in 1937), maturing on October 15, 1948.

These may be converted into Bonds or Inscribed Stock in the Sixth Security Loan, opening September 8, 1948.

QUESTION: How are maturing securities "converted"?

ANSWER: If you have lodged with your bank for safe custody more than £10 worth of any of the securities listed at left, you should have received a letter from the Prime Minister drawing your attention to their maturity dates and accompanied by a folder explaining how your securities may be converted into Sixth Security Loan Bonds or Stock.

If you have not received such a letter, check the maturity dates of your securities in one of the following ways:

1. If your Bonds are in your own possession. Look at them at once and read the maturity date printed at the top. Compare this date with those shown in the list of maturing securities at left.
2. If you lodged your Bonds with your bank for safe-keeping. Most banks issue a receipt or acknowledgment for Bonds left with them for safe custody. If you hold any such receipts, examine them at once and compare the maturity dates with the list at left.
3. If you cannot discover maturity dates. If your Bonds are not in your possession and if you do not hold bank safe-custody receipts or acknowledgment for them, go to your bank to-day and ask whether they hold for you any of the securities listed at left.

NEXT STEP.

If you find that any of your Bonds or Stock are in issues about to mature, ask your bank or stockbroker for an application form for conversion into the Sixth Security Loan. Fill in one form for each series of Bonds or Stock maturing and hand it back. That's all. You will then possess Sixth Security Loan Bonds or Inscribed Stock of the same value as your maturing securities, and interest on your securities will continue.

Check all the Commonwealth Securities you hold at once



CONVERT

Your Maturing Commonwealth Securities into the
SIXTH SECURITY LOAN

OPENING SEPTEMBER 8

Four film stars...



GENE TIERNEY (above), one of 20th Century-Fox's leading stars, who will co-star with Dana Andrews in the anti-Communist drama "The Iron Curtain."

ANN SOTHERN, blonde and beautiful, who was associated for several years with the well-known "Maizie" series of light comedies, in which she starred. At present under contract to make one film for Warners, she has been cast in the musical "April Showers." Co-starring with her will be Jack Carson and Robert Alda.



BETTY HUTTON shows her silver-blond-colored hair as a change from her customary golden-blond. The new tint was used for Paramount's comedy "Dream Girl."



JUNE HAVER, looking more sophisticated than usual in this photograph, is on loan from 20th Century-Fox to Warners to star in a story based on the life of American musical-comedy star Marilyn Miller. Her current Fox film showing in Australia is "Scudda Hoo-Scudda Hay."



HER FLAWLESS SKIN will hold him forever... the lovely, unblemished complexion that first made him captive. She owes this skin glory to Rexona Soap. Its silken, gently-medicated lather tones the skin while cleansing away the impurities that cause ugly skin faults. Rexona's gentle medicament is Gadyl, the exclusive compound comprising oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terbinth and Bonyl Acetate—all proven aids in the achievement of complexion loveliness.

Rexona
MEDICATED SOAP



X.B.I.B.2



**Sudden stabs—
or crippling stiffness**

Those unexpected jabs in the joints and muscles—have you ever stopped and wondered what might be the **cause** of the trouble—have you ever suspected faulty kidney action?

The kidneys have the vital job of ridding the system of all those injurious impurities that so often give rise to painful and rheumatic conditions. These waste matters must be expelled from the system and the kidneys must be brought back to normal health and strength in order to do the job properly.

The speediest, surest and safest way of doing this is to use the world-famous medicine made specially for this purpose—**De Witt's Pills**. They act directly on the kidneys, cleansing them, toning them up and restoring them to normal healthy activity.

For nearly sixty years De Witt's Pills have been bringing blessed relief to sufferers all over the world. Obtain a supply to-day. For economy's sake buy the 5/9 size which contains two and a half times the quantity of the 3/- size.

DE WITT'S PILLS
For Kidney and Bladder Troubles



1 CIPHER CLERK Igor Gouzenko (Dana Andrews) arrives from Russia to work in Canada. He meets espionage agent Baranova (June Havoc), who has been instructed to watch how he does job.



3 WARNING is given by Igor to Anna that she must not associate with neighbors again, as he knows that Baranova has reported them and his position at the consulate is already in jeopardy.

REAL-LIFE DRAMA OF RECENT SPY RING

ADAPTED from the famous Canadian espionage trials in 1946, "The Iron Curtain" was directed for Fox by William Wellman.

The script was written by Milton Krims, and tells the story of the Soviet employee Igor Gouzenko, who startled the world by starting the investigations on the international spy ring.

Gouzenko and his wife are still living under assumed names in Canada, and are protected by the police.



5 DETERMINATION to inform Canadian police of huge ring of Soviet spies forces Igor to risk his life by stealing documents from consulate as evidence. He finds it hard to convince Canadians.



2 DISOBEYING ORDER not to be friendly with Canadians, Gouzenko's wife Anna (Gene Tierney) worries when Baranova finds her visiting neighbor.

The Iron Curtain



4 TELEPHONE CALL to Anna from Igor tells her to burn their private papers before Baranova has time to discover that he is changing his political views.



6 SEEKING SAFETY when espionage agents are rounded up, Igor, Anna and their baby are taken under protection of Canadian Mounted Police to secret home.

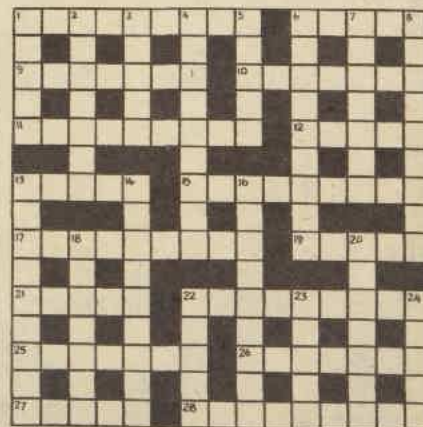
CROSSWORD No. 5

ACROSS

- Ceremony to an obstinate King's favorite (6)
- Anyway, it's the English form of address to 1 across (3)
- Dined finally, if you first make a small hollow (sooty) (7)
- Mutilated fish had a haemorrhage (7)
- Ade vibes (anagram) (9)
- A muscular convulsion obviously a trick (5)
- Loaf and be studied (5)
- When ruffled papa rails at the pre-sale valuation (9)
- The morning a short road goes into vapor in the Netherlands (9)
- Certainly not full (5)
- See if incomplete sugar spirit is used for injections (5)
- Cocktail made by the fellow at the Brown Derby? (9)
- Notice by returning thanks on an area of land (7)
- "No, I save" is the obvious return if the Taxation Commissioner accuses us of avoiding payment (7)
- The backward chap the editor is short with called (5)
- Natty lida (anagram) (8)

DOWN

- Sheets for writing concerning the chaplain (5)
- The handout a man can turn inside (7)
- Make a mother ship accumulate a quantity (5)
- Where the pirate's captive goes when on top of the plank? (9)
- Shuffled the rouge knave (5)
- The vulgar name for a schoolmistress with a burden in a jam (9)
- Makes a weaker mixture, if upset under cover it turns you in the middle (7)
- How the doctor heals with a mixture of lime clay (9)
- Craft shown by the lover of a petty officer (9)
- It is to be hoped you have no nightmare experiences in this "country" (9)
- Considers mother inside perfumed balls (9)
- Lager pie put to by you by the thousand (7)
- Order to a country-loving Irishman to make an up-roar? (7)
- Misnamed Edward after greeting him (5)
- Three articles that make a palindromic pineapple (5)
- A fool at a tavern in New York (5)



Prizes of £10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark your envelope Crossword No. 5 and address to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4028W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries for crossword No. 5 will close Sept. 12. Prizes and solution given in issue of October 2.

PRIZES AND SOLUTIONS OF CROSSWORD NO. 1 ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 20

YOU CAN'T TEST EVERYTHING!



but you can always trust

THE P.L.B. SHIELD

WHEREVER IT APPEARS
ON CLOTHING OR MATERIAL

In city shop or country store, you can always trust any article that carries the P.L.B. Shield.

We are distributors of merchandise, handling every kind of clothing and material. We sell to shops throughout Australia and these shops, in turn, offer the goods to you.

Where we consider an article is of dependable quality we attach the P.L.B. Shield. It is our unconditional guarantee given direct to you. It covers the whole range of clothing and material.

This is a pledge to the nation by Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.

This Shield is your protection



A WELCOME FRIEND AT YOUR FIRESIDE "cindrella" MOHAIR FLOOR RUGS



Your chairs are drawn close to a glowing fireside. Your tired feet are comforted on the soft, deep pile of a "cindrella" hearth rug—this is the luxury of a winter's night at home. There are long-wearing "cindrella" rugs for every room. With the same deep, curly, closely-woven mohair pile, but in fifteen different colours so you can match any interior decorating scheme.

cindrella CURLY-PILE MOHAIR FLOOR RUGS

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Manufactured by
J. L. TANKARD & CO. LTD., Bradford, England
ENGLISH-MADE

A Good Investment!



Mr. W.'s state of health was such that he was told that he would never be able to work again and this worried him very much. For one thing, it meant retiring on a reduced pension. Then a friend advised him to take Phyllosan tablets, and "thanks to the benefit derived from wonderful Phyllosan" he was soon fit to go back to work, and continued at work until he reached the age at which he became entitled to retire on a full pension. He calls Phyllosan tablets "little marvels" and "will never be without them now." Are you taking Phyllosan? If not, get a bottle of Phyllosan tablets from your chemist and start to-day!

You, too, should take

PHYLLOSAN

To invigorate your system, improve your circulation, strengthen your nerves, and increase your energy.

Price 3/6 and 6/- (double quantity)

X MOTHER rid your child of Worms

Get quick, permanent relief with SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP. San-o-lax contains castor oil, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually within the child is sleeping) destroying and removing any worm presence. San-o-lax is pleasant and safe to take—children love it! Your chemist sells

SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Petter & Birks Pty., Ltd., Sydney.

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

THE housework dress illustrated in this week's Dress Sense should provide ideas for home dressmakers planning something new in a work dress or a beach dress for the summer.

"I AM getting together my trousseau clothes, and thought you might assist me by suggesting some bright and practical idea for a garment to wear while I do my housework and washing. I am going to live up north, so the garment will need to be light and easy to launder."

A one-piece wrap-around dress made with a bib top and circular skirt would be practical and look attractive. The garment is styled to slip on easily over a street dress, or can be worn alone (actually it makes a perfect sundress). It opens out flat as a handkerchief and irons like one. Have the bib made in a printed cotton or printed chintz, and the skirt in a plain color—or have it all one color and piped in contrast and finished with your monogram.

Limited material

"SOME time ago I bought myself 3½ yds. of 54-inch green wool to make a suit, and now my problem is: have I sufficient material to achieve a fashionable style? Fortunately, I am quite small and slim."

Some of the new suit designs certainly need an alarming amount of material, but the new silhouette can be achieved with fairly moderate yardage, particularly in your case, as you are small and slim. It should be possible to cut a nip-waisted, round-hipped short jacket and calf-length flared skirt, with careful drafting, from 3½ yds. of 54-inch wool.

Use ingenuity

"TO me the new fashions are a headache. To be well dressed it seems necessary to buy an entirely new wardrobe, which most girls certainly couldn't afford to do. Don't you think the girl on an average wage has a problem?"

Yes! The average girl, and woman,



HOUSEWORK DRESS or sundress which spreads out flat to be ironed.

too, has a big fashion problem. However, I think the new line has been caricatured and written about till it has taken on entirely false proportions. We have certainly entered a new fashion era, an era when the silhouette follows the natural lines of the figure, the main change being a more defined waistline than has been worn for years. But it is heartening to know that in current fashions there are great leeways. You may wear a full skirt or a narrow one, adjust its hemline within an inch or two in proportion to the length of your legs. Personally, I don't think any fashion should be followed so slavishly that it involves the discarding of everything

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If

you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

you own. In the meantime, new accessories can help. A new hat with the right tilt gives you a new look all over. If you already have a beret or a pill-box, wear it flat on the head slightly tilted forward. Old-fashioned strings of glass bead converted into double or treble strands of choker length look new as new, so do all types of pearls. Shoes are terrifically important. It will pay dividends to search diligently for pretty shoes that do justice to both feet and ankles. Look for shoes with closed-in toes and heels or a classic pump made in colored kid.

Velvet skirt

"COULD you suggest a design for a separate top to make a very good velvet evening skirt suitable for spring? As I am really much too thin and flat-looking I thought of some type of top with plenty of fullness. Also, is a square shoulder-line out of date?"

Wear your skirt with a formal smock made in white embroidered linen or pique. The smock can be belted or worn loose over your slim skirt. California dress designer Edith Head popularised this idea for the personal wardrobes of several well-known stars. An alternative is a blouse with an off-the-shoulder neckline finished with a ruffle or bertha collar. A blouse of this type made in coarse white lace would look chic with black velvet. Most dress designers have discarded the square shoulder-line for a softer sloping line. However, your figure may need slight padding, and if this is the case be sure to use it.

Fashion FROCKS

"ANNE"—Two-piece pyjamas softly styled in a good quality self-embossed jacquard crepe silk, in white only.

Ready to Wear: 32in. and 34in. bust, 79/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 82/3. Plus postage, 1/9½ extra.
Cut Out Only: 32in. and 34in. bust, 64/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 68/3. Plus postage, 1/9½ extra.

"MURIEL"—Attractive three-piece lingerie set. The material is good quality self-embossed jacquard crepe silk, in white only, trimmed with coffee lace.

Ready to Wear: Nightdress: 32in. and 34in. bust, 77/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 79/11. Plus postage, 1/6½ extra. Petticoat: 32in. and 34in. bust, 39/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 42/- . Plus postage, 8½d. extra. Pantees: 26in. and 28in. waist, 19/11; 30in. and 32in. waist, 21/6. Plus postage, 7½d. extra.
Cut Out Only: Nightdress: 32in. and 34in. bust, 62/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 64/6. Plus postage, 1/6½ extra. Petticoat: 32in. and 34in. bust, 31/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 33/3. Plus postage, 8½d. extra. Pantees: 26in. and 28in. waist, 15/9; 30in. and 32in. waist, 17/3. Plus postage, 7½d. extra.



Obtainable ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.

SEND your order for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 288A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 492F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 188F, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne, N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

"Hey! I've barked my shin again!"



DON'T WORRY DEAR! BAND-AID WILL SOON FIX THAT!

IT IS SO EASY TO STICK ON A BAND-AID — KEEPS GERMS OUT — WON'T RUB OFF EITHER



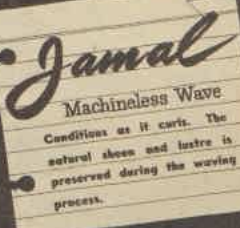
PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON



I never lose time from work now. Those Back-aches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills, and I can work all day without getting tired. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
In unbreakable plastic tubes. F.I.A.

FORD PILLS



Obtainable ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.



*Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen tonight,
I wish, I may I wish I might
Get the wish I wish tonight.*

DON'T *wish* FOR BEAUTY *make it yours ... with* CASHMERE BOUQUET *Cosmetics*

Fame, fortune and beauty may be your secret wishes from a far off star, but these come to you more easily if you cherish the romantic loveliness that comes with Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetics. "Silk-sifted Cashmere Bouquet face powder to give radiance to your skin, gentle colour for the cheeks with Cashmere Bouquet rouge and the vivid richness of Colourfast lipstick to highlight the curve of your lips. To these beauty assets, add Cashmere Bouquet Talc, which makes your skin silken smooth and surrounds you with the tender fragrance of beguiling femininity.





FACE POWDER

RACHEL
SUNGOLD
PECHE
HAWAIIAN JAM
HONEYGOLD
DREAM ROSE



LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

MEDIUM SIGNAL RED
ROYAL RED ORCHID RED
STOP PRESS DREAM ROSE



TALC



CASHMERE BOUQUET
Cosmetics



SKILFULLY CUT HAIR fashion that softly follows the head contour all round, flares out to cover the ears, and features the fashionable fringe style.



COMPROMISE STYLE. Some like it short, some like it longer; this is calculated to please both camps. Softly undulating back, with ends turned in to neck, contrasts with overall smoothness.

Spring coiffure

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

HAIR-DOS are still in the news: here are five pretty ways to a new short-hair spring coiffure, suggested by leading American stylists.

Short, sleek, feminine styles will remain, but they predict a change from the down or droop effects with upward instead of horizontal side waves, and a more abundant look at the back or about the ears for gentler flattery.



INTERESTING way of interpreting the current feeling in coiffures for the young and smart; neat at the back, soft on the cheeks, down on the forehead in a becoming fringe from temple to temple.



BACK CURLS, perked up but still shapely, retain the round head and look especially flattering to the small face. Side waves, slightly uptilted, cover the ears and soften the profile.



FORECAST of new line for 1949. From a centre parting, hair is waved flat on top, spreading into fullness above the temples and descending in a soft, diagonal line to cover both ears.

HEARNE'S FOR BRONCHITIS

A Cold need not keep you away from your job. If you "get to work" on Hearne's, you'll get to work all right.



COUGHS & COLDS

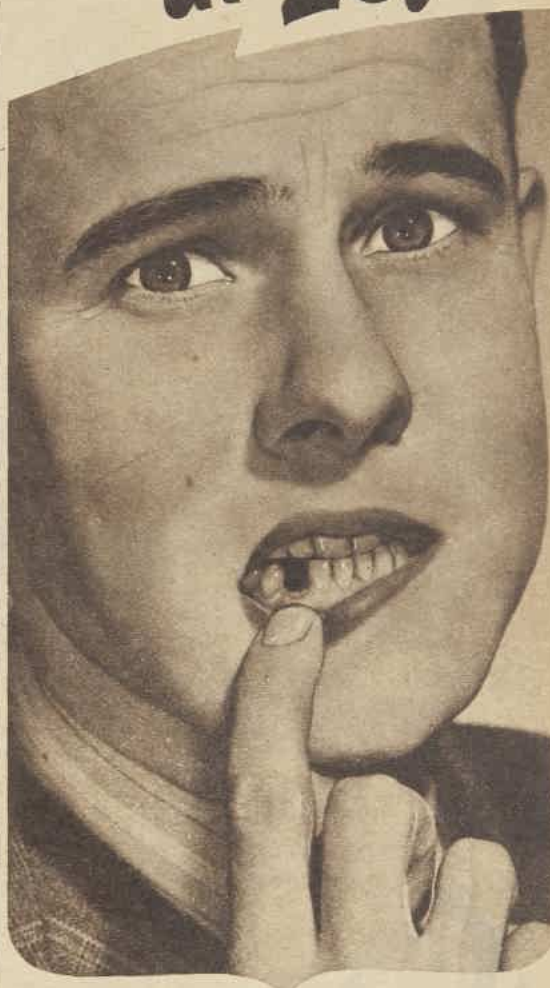
MENTHOIDS are back

MENTHOIDS contain Thionine—the great system cleanser.

MENTHOIDS for Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney-Bladder Weaknesses and High Blood Pressure.

Month's treatment with Diet Chart, 6/6, or 12-day flask, 3/6, at chemists or stores.

False teeth at 20!



Caused by a gum infection that S.R. Toothpaste might have prevented

No toothpaste in the world can prevent some teeth from being doomed. But if you use S.R. Toothpaste you can help guard against bleeding, infected gums — and it's those soft, inflamed gums that lead to needless extractions. S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot. Clean your teeth with S.R. . . . massage your gums with S.R. and help keep teeth sound and sparkling-white.

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE

SR.26.1424

PADDLE knows the wear that children give their shoes. That's why Paddle shoes are better made, of better grade materials. Carefully chosen leather—for tough, water-resisting soles and pliable, roomy uppers—makes shoes that your children will wear till they grow out of them. So budget-wise mothers choose PADDLE for PREFERENCE!

PROVED



G.79

BY



P.16

PRE-



G.137

TESTING



G.129



PROVED AND IMPROVED IN ACTUAL WEAR!
Sample shoes of every new Paddle style are tested in actual wear by active children. The effects on these shoes are studied by Paddle experts—they're improved, tested and improved again—so that the finished shoes you buy in the shop are as nearly perfect as scientific craftsmanship can make them.



Paddle

CHILDREN'S SHOES

G.79—Furrier Court with bow and lacing—Sizes 11-5. Also in Tan.

P.16—JAMITES LINPROUC—play-favourite with jam-agars and up. Available in Blue and White, Red and White, Tan and Fawn or all White. Jamites production is limited, so styles may vary in your State.

G.137—Girls' and 'Maids' Monk shoes. Round stitched sides. Sizes 11-7, 11-5. In Tan with White Moccasin, Tan with Cream, Tan with Aztec and in White Hoppers with Tan Moccasin.

G.129—White Duck T-Bar. Also in Black Patent. Sizes 11-5.

WKS217

Lunchbox

• Fresh or dried fruits increase food value and flavor of tea-cakes and loaves made with a small quantity of butter.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

BAKING temperatures in the recipes are given for gas ovens. So that oven directions will be clear the following scale is printed:

GAS OVEN

- Slow: 250deg. to 350deg.
- Moderate: 350deg. to 400deg.
- Hot: 400deg. to 450deg.
- Very hot: 450deg. to 500deg.

ELECTRIC OVEN

- Slow: 300deg. to 400deg.
- Moderate: 400deg. to 450deg.
- Hot: 450deg. to 500deg.
- Very hot: 500deg. to 550deg.

For stoves of other types or those without thermostats or thermometers, preheat the oven 15 minutes, then test.

One teaspoon flour on flat tin left in oven 5 minutes (on shelf to be used for baking) will color pale fawn if oven is slow; golden brown if oven is moderate; milk-chocolate brown if oven is hot.

CHEESE SCONE SPLITS

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, thin wedges of tomato.

Sift flour, salt and cayenne. Rub in shortening, add sugar and cheese. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to bare 1/4 in. thickness. Cut into rounds with 3 in. plain cutter. Moisten edge halfway round, fold over. Brush with milk, place on greased oven tray. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Split open, butter

lightly, insert wedge of tomato. Serve hot.

HONEY ORANGE GEMS

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, honey.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and orange rind. Add beaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Bake in hot, greased gem-irons in hot oven (400deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes. While still hot, brush tops with honey. Split and butter for hot or cold service. Makes two dozen.

BANANA TEA-ROLL

One and a half ounces margarine or butter, 1/2oz. sugar, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 mashed banana, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, good pinch bicarbonate soda, pinch spice, 2 tablespoons milk. Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add banana well mixed with lemon juice. Add beaten egg. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then milk. Turn into greased nut-roll-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 40 to 45 minutes.

VELVET TEA-CAKE

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter. For topping: Peanut butter, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, few cherries to decorate.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add egg-yolks beaten well with sugar and mixed with milk and vanilla. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then melted shortening. Pour into greased



ring-tin, bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. While still hot brush top with peanut butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Decorate with cherries.

APPLE AND RAISIN LOAF

Two ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. sugar, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 cup grated apple, 2 tablespoons chopped raisins, 1 cup

ring-tin, bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. While still hot brush top with peanut butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Decorate with cherries.

flour, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk (may not all be necessary if apple is juicy).

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in apple and

raisins, then sifted dry ingredients and milk. Turn into greased nut-roll-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Slice when cold, spread with butter, softened cream cheese, or lemon spread.

Six more progress prizes in our £2000 cookery contest

THESE progress prizewinning recipes entered in our wonderful £2000 cookery contest will help homemakers everywhere—and delight the family when served.

The six winners will each receive a cash prize of £5 for the simple effort of sending in their home-tested favorites. See page 34 for details of this great cookery contest. All measurements are level in these recipes.

NOVELTY CHOCOLATE CAKE

Cake: Six ounces margarine or butter, 8oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 12oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Filling: Two ounces margarine or butter, 6oz. icing sugar, 1 tablespoon hot water, 3 tablespoons grated dark chocolate.

Frosting: One egg-white, 12oz. icing sugar, 2 dessertspoons hot water, vanilla, green coloring, pink coloring, 1 tablespoon cocoa blended with a little water.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, mix well. Blend cocoa with milk and vanilla, add to mixture alternately with sifted flour and salt. Fill mixture into 3 greased sandwich tins, one 5 in., one 7 in., one 9 in. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 to 25 minutes for 5 in. cake; 30 to 35 minutes for larger ones. Turn on to cake-cooler. Prepare icing. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add sifted icing sugar, then water and vanilla; beat until smooth. Color 1 portion green, spread over smallest cake. Color second portion pink, spread over 7 in. cake. Add blended

cocoa to balance, spread over 9 in. cake. Prepare filling. Cream butter and icing sugar thoroughly, add water, beat until smooth. Fold in chocolate. Sandwich cakes with filling—reserving some to decorate. Pipe remaining filling round edge of each tier, and at base of each of 2 top tiers.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Conway, 100 Murray St., Caulfield SEK, Vic.

PINEAPPLE PARTY CAKES

Cake: Three ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. plain flour, 4 eggs, 3oz. castor sugar, few drops vanilla.

Filling: Three tablespoons whipped cream or mock cream, 2 tablespoons finely diced pineapple.

Icing: Eight ounces icing sugar, 2 tablespoons pineapple juice.

Cake: Warm butter until just melted. Warm sifted flour. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly. Gradually add yolks and beat until well mixed. Add sugar and vanilla, stand basin in very hot water, and continue beating until mixture is light and frothy. Remove from hot water, lightly fold in warm butter and flour. Pour quickly into greased slab-tin, bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold, cut into squares or rounds, and decorate as follows:

Prepare filling: Fold pineapple into whipped or mock cream. Place a small teaspoonful on top of each cake.

Prepare icing: Combine sifted icing sugar and pineapple juice. Mix to a smooth paste. Warm to spreading consistency over low heat. Rest one cake at a time on blade of knife,

hold over pan of icing; spoon icing over carefully, completely covering cake. Place on flat tray to set. Icing may be colored yellow if desired.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Lithgo, 734 Pittwater Rd., Collaroy, N.S.W.

STEAMED FIG AND WALNUT PUDDING

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted margarine or butter, 1 cup chopped figs, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Beat eggs, gradually add sugar, beat until smooth. Gradually add milk and melted shortening, beat until all sugar is dissolved. Add figs, breadcrumbs, and walnuts. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then lemon rind and juice. Allow to stand 15 to 20 minutes before turning into greased mold. Cover with greased paper, steam 1 1/2 hours. Turn out, serve hot with hard sauce, sweet sauce, custard, or ice-cream.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. J. Renault, "Esplanade," Oatlands, Tas.

DANISH APPLE PUDDING

One and a half pounds green apples, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 3 cloves, 2 thin pieces lemon rind, 3oz. margarine or butter, 2 cups plain cake crumbs, 3oz. brown sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Peel, core, and slice apples. Place in saucepan with sugar, water, cloves, lemon rind. Cover and sim-

mer until apples are soft and pulpy. Remove cloves and lemon rind. Strain off excess syrup, reserve for future use. Turn apple pulp into greased ovenware dish. Melt margarine or butter in shallow pan. When hot, but not browned, add cake crumbs; shake pan or stir lightly until crumbs have absorbed all margarine or butter and are lightly browned. Spread over apple pulp. Combine brown sugar, cinnamon, and lemon rind. Sprinkle thickly over apple. Reheat 10 minutes in moderate oven. Serve hot or allow to become quite cold before serving with custard or ice-cream.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. O. R. Stephens, Eden Valley, S.A.

WELLINGTON CASSEROLE

Four medium tomatoes, salt, pepper, 2lb. chump chops, 1 tablespoon flour, 4 potatoes, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 carrot, 2 green apples, 1 teaspoon each brown sugar and cinnamon, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 chopped onion, 1 egg, 1-3 cup milk, 1 cup stock or water, 1 teaspoon meat extract, 1 extra tablespoon flour, extra stock, parsley.

Scoop centres of washed tomatoes, dust with salt and pepper, invert to drain. Trim excess fat from chops, season with salt and pepper, dredge lightly with flour. Place in large baking-dish. Combine crumbs, onion, beaten egg and milk. Spread over chops; fill balance into tomatoes.

Soften margarine or butter, rub over peeled, halved potatoes. Cover with grated carrot, place in dish with chops. Cut unpeeled apples in halves, core, fill cavity with sugar and cinnamon; place in dish. Add

stock. Cover with greased paper. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (425deg. F.); reduce heat to 375 deg. F. and cook a further 45 minutes. Half an hour before end of cooking time add tomatoes. Lift on to hot serving-dish. Thicken and flavor gravy with extra flour blended with water and meat extract. Add more stock or water if necessary. Serve meat and vegetables on one dish, garnish with parsley.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. M. Peters, Bellford, Pioneer Ave., Upwey, Vic.

HONEY SPONGE

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon honey, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Filling and Frosting: Three dessertspoons butter, 2 cups icing sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1 dessertspoon honey.

Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat whites stiffly, gradually add sugar and vanilla, beat until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in sifted flour, arrowroot and salt alternately with butter, honey and milk heated together until well mixed. Turn into greased tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold fill and top with honey mocha filling.

Filling and Topping: Cream butter, gradually add sifted icing sugar, cocoa, salt and vanilla. Beat in coffee essence and honey, continue beating until light and fluffy.

Progress Prize of £5 to Miss J. Lockhart, 12th Ave., Home Hill, Qld.



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Our Grand £2000 Cookery Contest

£1000 GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE
For a Model Food Budget and Menu Plan

£1000 IN CASH PRIZES
For Your Best Recipes

FOR those of you who have not yet submitted an entry for the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 (Section 1), here are a few pointers:

In preparing the food budget and menu plan for a week, remember that you have to provide for a family of four, comprising husband, wife, son and daughter of school age.

You must choose from one of these four amounts on which to base the week's budget: £3, or £3/10/-, or £4, or £4/10/-.

The money is for expenditure on food only—do not include cost of fuel.

There will be no advantage in the choice of any particular sum. Clever use of £3 per week for food will be as valuable in gaining points as the wise use of any of the larger sums.

Having chosen the sum of money on which to base the food budget, proceed as follows:

Set out, clearly, a menu plan for breakfast, lunch, and dinner for seven consecutive days, commencing with Sunday.

Luncheon menus for Monday to Friday should include a packed lunch for the children (for husband, too, if such is usually provided) and lunch at home for yourself—a total of 21 meals plus 5 menus for packed luncheons.

When preparing this menu plan give careful thought to the following points—the judges will consider them in awarding the £1000 prize:

Best possible use made of amount of money spent on food.

Menus planned to provide correct nutritional balance.

Greatest possible variety provided within the limit of one week's menus.

Provision made for economical use of fuel—e.g., using oven to full capacity, not heating it for one dish only.

Provision made for use of leftovers. Use made of fruit and vegetables in season.

Attention given to local climatic conditions—cold climates call for more heating foods.

To the completed menu plan attach detailed recipes for the meat dish and sweet in each dinner menu (14 recipes in all).

Each recipe must clearly state quantities of ingredients, method of mixing, time for cooking, and approximate number of servings.

Points will be awarded for original, wholesome, practical, economical recipes.

Finally, attach statement giving details of quantities and cost of meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, bread, milk, and groceries which would need to be purchased to provide the meals listed in the menu plan. It is not necessary to give the cost of each meal separately.

If home-grown fruits or vegetables are used, they must be accounted for and costed in the budget at retail prices operating in your district.

Section 2: £1000 in prizes for recipes

CLASS 1—CAKES

CHAMPION PRIZE, £50

This prize will be awarded for the best cake recipe of whatever type. The recipe which wins this prize will not be eligible for any other prize.

Fruit Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Sponge Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Novelty Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Butter or Substitute Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Small Cakes or Cookies: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

CLASS 2—MEATS

First Prize, £25, for best economy meat dish sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children. Second Prize, £5.

HERE ARE THE GENERAL

ONLY one entry may be submitted for the grand champion prize of £1000. In other sections any number of recipes may be entered.

Competitors may enter in each and every section. Progress prize-winning recipes remain eligible for final prizes in their respective classes.

Recipes to be written clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed, not in pencil.

Full name and address (including State) to be signed clearly on each page. Indicate on each page section in which recipe is to be entered.

Exact weights and/or measurements to be given in level cups, tablespoons, and teaspoons—not rounded, heaped, or scant measurements.

Ingredients to be listed accurately in the order in which they are used; directions for mixing and cooking must be clear, complete, and concise.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and economical.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian

CLASS 3—DESSERTS

First Prize, £25, for best hot dessert (other than pastry) sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children. Second Prize, £5.

First Prize, £25, for best cold dessert (other than pastry) sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children. Second Prize, £5.

CLASS 4—PASTRY

First Prize, £25, for best savory pie or tart. Second Prize, £5.

First Prize, £25, for best sweet pie or tart. Second Prize, £5.

CLASS 5—VARIOUS

Scones, or Tea-cakes, or Nut Roll, or Fruit Roll.

First Prize, £25. Second Prize, £5.

RULES AND CONDITIONS

Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 10/6 per recipe.

Contest closes September 18. Results announced in early November.

Address your entries to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Mark the envelope £2000 Recipe Contest.

£200 in Consolation Prizes

IN addition to the big final awards, 100 Consolation Prizes of £2 each will be given for recipes chosen from the various sections.

£30 EVERY WEEK IN PROGRESS PRIZES

During the progress of the competition six Progress Prizes of £5 each will be awarded for good recipes every week.

See this week's Progress Prize awards on Page 33.



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Stay as sweet as you are with
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NATURAL SLEEP

*Good Health's
greatest ally*

Sleep!... vital to the sick and the convalescent and *all-important to those who would avoid ill-health.* Sleep is Nature's device for restoring lost energy, for adjusting the delicate balance of your nervous system, for keeping you fit and "on your toes." Surely sound restful sleep is the very basis of good health? Sometimes, however, the strain and stress of modern life defeat Nature's intention. Sometimes, from necessity, carelessness or desire, we are extravagant with our store of energy. The result is over-fatigue. We can't sleep. Our nerves are taut. We can't relax. That is where Milo comes into the picture.

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body and nerves to relax. Gradually fatigue is translated into peaceful relaxation. And while you sleep, Milo aids Nature's restorative process. Hours later you wake refreshed—ready to meet another day with zeal, energy and good health.

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SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



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Page 35

That Tight,
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Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

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Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

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Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription

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Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

Cystex for
KIDNEYS
BLADDER
The Guaranteed Treatment RHEUMATISM

POTTERY wall-vase holds colorful arrangement of daffodils and deep blue lupins; effect is gay and flowers combine beautifully. Wall-vases of this type are charming for sun-rooms, breakfast nooks, kitchens and porches, and are delightful to hang over old-fashioned stone fireplaces.



SPRINGTIME MEDLEY: Mixed bowl of colorful flowers includes stock, poppies, anemones, primula, iris, pansies, forget-me-not, and snowdrops. Leaves of snowdrops provide attractive relief.

(Vases by courtesy of Artes studio.)

Gay summer garden

● Most of us can make the garden bright and colorful during springtime but it takes a first-class enthusiast to keep it so right through the heat of summer.

—says OUR HOME GARDENER

BUT summer gardening success is usually due to sowing the right sort of seeds at the right time. For instance, we sow seed of asters in September and expect to get first-rate results from what is really an autumn flower.

Much the same applies to cosmos, dahlias, and many others. But if we now sow seeds of zinnias, rudbeckias, portulaca, annual phlox, petunia, marigolds of various sorts (in season), godetia, lychnis, larkspur, gazania, gerberas, heteropappus (blue daisy), and statice, we will find some of them blooming right through the very hottest days.

The perennial and annual galliardias, the perennial and Mexican sunflowers, and many of the delphinium family will flower well during January and February—if carefully tended during their early days and set out in protected positions.

Even the annual chrysanthemum stares at its job with unblinking eyes during summer, but can scarcely be said to rival the dahlia-flowered zinnia, or its near relative, zinnia robusta, which is shorter but just as sun-defiant.

And the shasta daisy mixes well with all of them, and is often found with a few flowers even when the first of the autumn dahlias appears. Carnations, too, flower periodically during summer months.

Celosias and cockscombs, particularly that variety known as Flame of Fire, paint the landscape during the fiercest summer days. And that brilliant amaranthus known as Fountain Plant is another worth trying and sowing now.

Tricolor or Joseph's Coat amaranthus is possibly the most dazzling of this family—and a real garden artist that simply splashes color on thickly during the days when the gardener prefers to look at, rather than work in, the flower-beds.

One of the most serious mistakes made by amateurs is to set big-bodied plants such as dahlia-flowered zinnias, asters, and marigolds too closely together. One often sees them spaced 6 or 8 inches apart instead of giving them ample elbow-room. Most zinnias need from 16in. to 2ft. apart, or even more for very robust varieties.

The branching Crego asters and Tasmanian Giants also need about 16 or 18in. of space, and marigolds, which spread 12in. or more each way, should be well provided for when spacing them out. This also applies to Canterbury bells, cockscombs, celosia, delphiniums, dimorphothecas, and gaillardias.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

WHEN ironing flimsy curtains press with long, smooth strokes; crosswise strokes produce waves and wrinkles which may shorten your curtains appreciably. Besides, correct ironing produces trim, straight-hanging curtains.

REPLACE worn-out alfters in powder compacts with a square cut from discarded silk stockings. Cut the piece slightly larger than the original gauze and glue to the sifter's frame.

CLEANING GLOVES? Here are a few simple hints for you to observe. If they are washable, e.g., doekin, chamois, pigskin, or leather, they can be washed in warm, sudsy water, and rinsed in clean, soapy water to which a little oil has been added to preserve the skins. Wash gently, clean with a soft brush, do not rub. Roll them into a soft towel to dry. When they are almost dry, blow into each finger to preserve their shape. Put away straight into drawer—do not fold.



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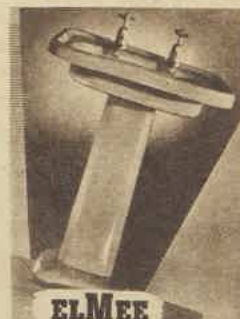
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VARIOUS ATTRACTIVE COLORS



ONE SECTION of the living-room in Captain and Mrs. A. C. Bray's flat, Tynte Street, North Adelaide. Walls are off-white and carpet is fawn. Lovely old cedar furniture is upholstered in off-white linen with design in blues, greens, Chinese-red, and gold. Picture above this grouping is a crested grebe with waterlilies in enchanting tones.

Modern flat from old rooms

By EVE GYE

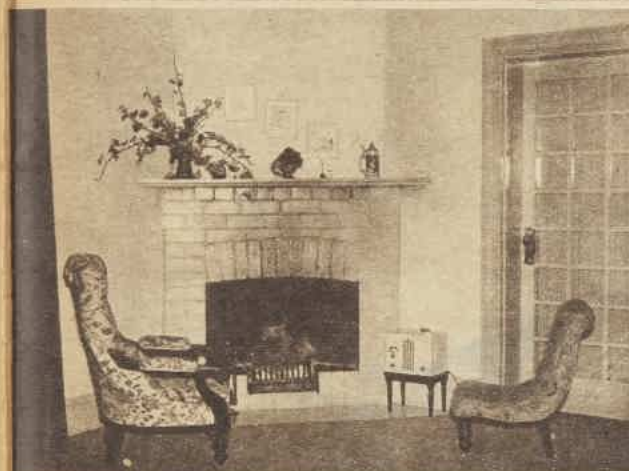
AFTER a long search for a home in Adelaide, Captain and Mrs. A. C. Bray took over the one-time servants' quarters of an attractive old residence in Tynte Street, Adelaide, and turned them into a smart little flat, glimpses of which are given on this page.

It took months of hard work to make the transformation and create a liveable home from cramped, gloomy rooms, but to-day their small flat is considered to be one of the most charming in Adelaide.

The removal of a partition or two yielded sufficient space for a combined living-room and dining-area. But utility rooms are minute.

How Mrs. Bray has managed to put charm into a handkerchief-size bedroom is entirely due to her skill and artistry, plus entire elimination of clutter.

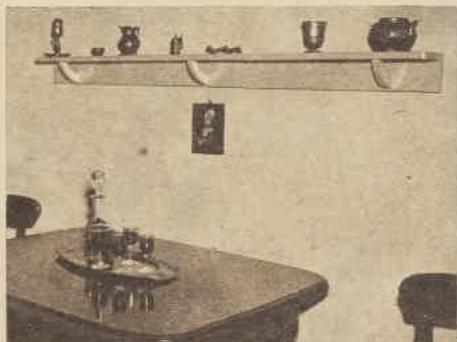
The entrance door, flanked by tubed beauty and topped by an old-fashioned lantern to light the way, opens directly into the living-room.



OLD FIREPLACE has been retained and painted to match walls. Rust curtains decorate windows. New glass door opens into kitchenette.



SOFT BLUE seersucker makes pretty covers for the cedar beds in the tiny bedroom, divided by a lovely old cedar chest with mirror.



DINING AREA of the living-room shows polished cedar table and chairs, also smart shelf to hold pewter collection. Same type of shelf decorates adjoining wall.

Baby's nails should be cut

By Sister MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

THE care of your baby's nails is part of his daily routine. Contrary to a very common belief that baby's nails should never be cut, it is important to see that they are kept short. They should be cut straight across and even with the ends of the fingers and toes.

It is best to do this when baby is asleep, or when he is most restful. You should enclose his whole hand in yours, exposing only one finger at a time, thus keeping the rest of the fingers protected from the points of the scissors.

To prevent scratching, any rough edge can be smoothed with an emery-board file and a blunt toothpick can be used to clean the nails. This routine attention will prevent hang-nails and ingrowing nails, and will develop well-shaped finger and toe nails.

This and other hints on the early care of your baby are given in a special leaflet which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your request.

N.B.—The second revised edition of "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, is now available.

This 273-page book of complete parentcraft covers in detail the prenatal and post-natal periods, the early care of the baby, and has suggestions for the diet (with recipes) and management of the toddler.

Copies can be obtained from the above address. Price 7/6 plus 4d. postage (registration threepence extra).

Names and addresses must be written clearly in block letters.

TO MAKE THE MOST OF BREAKFAST ASK FOR MUSTARD

Every meal needs Mustard to add flavour to the dish and relish to the appetite. Serve the breakfast bacon with a dab of Keen's full-flavoured tangy Mustard. Keen's is unexcelled for flavour.



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MUST
BE

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Does your cleaner provide you with the following important advantages? If not, it is an old-fashioned type, quite inefficient by modern standards, and you should replace it NOW by one of the latest Hoovers.

1. Electric dirt finder—A beam of light to show the dirt in dark corners.
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5. Service—quick and thorough servicing available whenever required.

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*Model inspired by Christian Dior
by courtesy of David Jones Ltd., Sydney.*

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1074—INITIALED BLOUSE

The pattern is clearly traced on good quality rayon crepe-de-chine, in white, pastel-pink, and blue, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider the initial. State initial required.

Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust, 21/9 complete. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 1075—FLORAL COTTON SHORTS

To make these shorts cut around the clearly traced pattern and machine. The material is good quality cotton in pastel grounds of lemon, bitter sweet, and aqua, with pale grey and white floral design.

Sizes: 28, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. 11/3 complete. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 1076—THREE D'OYLEYS

These d'oyles are traced, ready to embroider, on good quality white and cream linen; also in pastel shades of blue, pink, lemon, and green sheer linen (lace edge is not supplied), 1/1. Postage 2d. extra.

No. 1077—SUN-SUIT

Obtainable either for a small boy or girl. The pattern is clearly traced on good quality cotton in pastel shades of string, blue, grey, and green, ready to machine. Sizes: 18in. length, 2 years, 4/11—postage 3d. extra; 20in., 4 years, 5/6—postage 5d. extra; 23in., 6 years, 6/3—postage 5d. extra; 27in., 8 years, 6/11—postage 6d. extra.

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Please Note: When ordering Needlework Notions 1074, 1075, 1076, and 1077 make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5237.—One-piece with soft drapery on the moulded bodice and hipline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5238.—Two-piece suit has a pointed collar, square neckline, and flared gores in the skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5239.—Jacket and shorts for a small boy. Sizes 20, 23, and 27in. length. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5240.—Two-piece swim-suit has a smart matching beach coat. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 2/4.

F5241.—Small girl's frock and sun-hat. Frock in sizes 20, 23, and 27in. length. Frock requires 2yds. 36in. material, and 1yd. contrast. Hat requires 1yd. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5242.—One-piece, with contrasting sash. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 1/11.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 29.

It's easy to catch a cold

It's easy to get relief

When you're tired and run down, a draught can lead to a cold.

Don't wait till it gets a grip, use Mistol—a few drops in each nostril—to clear up congestion and make breathing easier. Mistol brings quick relief.

For exceptionally stubborn conditions, use Mistol with Ephedrine.

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STOPS COLDS WHERE THEY START

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WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autoxima—from the words auto (self), toxin (poison)—by inducing better internal cleanness.

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

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Be attractive while you're active

In Jantzen's new "MOYGASHEL"

The Week-end! Two date-filled days for the girl who knows how to be attractive while she's active.

This year Jantzen is making both slacks and shorts in the way they always should have been made — sleek, slenderising, man-tailored! And super little shirts to go with them. Now you can stay in Jantzen glamor — play in Jantzen glamor, all day long. A big range of Jantzen shorts, slacks and shirts in matching or contrasting colors at all smart stores.

The young lady in slacks. *Moygashel* crease-resisting rayon, specially made for slacks, with all the fine finish you expect from Jantzen. Deep front pleats. Tailored-in side pocket. Side placket with concealed slide fastener. Self-fabric adjustable belt with Diving Girl buckle. Wide hem for length adjustment. Colors: Navy, Natural, Dark Rust, Green, Nigger, Royal, Burgundy.

Their Jantzen shirts, short and long sleeved, in *Moygashel* light-weight crease-resisting rayon. Back fullness. Two way collar. Detachable shoulder pads. Pearl buttons. Colors: White, Natural, Light Blue, Maize, Grey, Green, Brick Red.

The young lady in shorts. *Moygashel* supplies again the crease-resisting rayon for her faultlessly tailored shorts. Wide tapering belt with Diving Girl buckle. Side placket with concealed slide fastener. Inset fob pocket. Colors: Cherry, Natural, Royal, White, Light Blue, Dark Rust, Green.

Shirts —

Shorts —

Slacks

Jantzen



Obtainable only from retail stores